Gen A M Poe

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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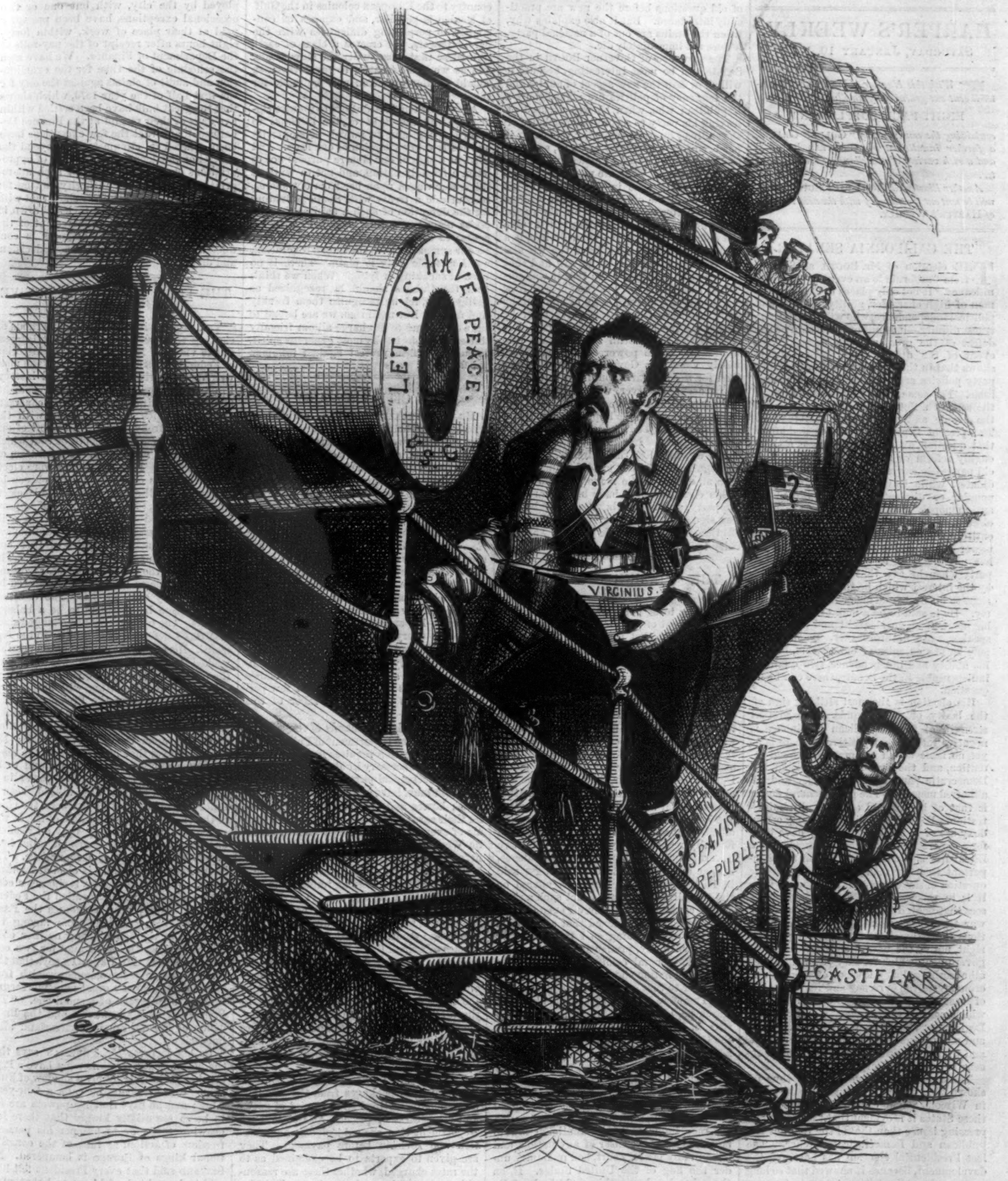
"LET US HAVE PEACE."
U.S.G.
VIRGINIUS.
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SPANISH REPUBLIC
CASTELAR
Th. Nast

"OBEY THE LAW OF NECESSITY."

General Jovellar. "I have received Final Orders."

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 10, 1874.

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THE CALIFORNIA SENATOR.

The election of Mr. Booth as Senator from California is an event of great significance. It not only places in the Senate a man of high character, ability, culture, and political independence, who will maintain its truest dignity—it is not only the sign of the defeat of the great railroad monopoly, an event of the utmost importance—but it shows that in the great Pacific State the old party policies are replaced by a more vital issue. For some time California has been the seat of a determined struggle between the people and the railroad combination. The present Legislature was elected upon that question, and is, in that sense, a thoroughly reform or anti-railroad body. The old parties, however, had their especial candidates, while Governor Booth was the popular or distinctively anti-railroad or anti-monopoly candidate, and he has been elected. He is an old Republican, but is entirely independent, and has shown the power of perceiving real issues, so that he has not hesitated to oppose and defeat his party when he saw that it was controlled by the interest which he thinks most pernicious to his State and menacing to the country. He is said to be a man of great popular magnetism, an eloquent and persuasive speaker, and a natural leader. Such reports may be the eulogies of enthusiasm, but of his ability and independence, two qualities indispensable in the Senate, there can be no question.

His election is the most striking sign of the laxity of party bonds. The present strength of the Republican dominance is negative rather than positive. There is as yet no issue which commands national attention, and the organized opposition, the Democratic party, is a name only and an abhorred memory. The great general desire is that of honest and economical administration. Regular standing and party orthodoxy are of less value than they have been for a generation. Personal character in political life is for the same reason more important than for many a year. While the question of slavery and all that sprang from it is in process of settlement, the country sees that behind the all-engrossing cloud of war there has arisen a new class of questions—questions not of personal or political right, not of the nature and powers of the government, which for fifty years have been all-absorbing, but questions of finance and economy, of the currency and its treatment, of vast moneyed interests and monopolies which control States, elect Governors and Legislatures, Senators and Representatives, and aim to direct the national government, and wield the power of taxation and the resources of the Treasury.

These questions, however, have thus far shown their radically disturbing power only in Wisconsin and California. In both of those States it is evident that there are more pressing issues than that of the familiar Republican and Democratic difference. The last Presidential election has hastened the development, because it showed that so long as there is a disposition to contest power upon the old ground, a disposition evinced by the presence of the political organization of the old slave Democracy—whatever new professions and insincere nominations it may make—so long the country will sustain the regular Republican ascendency. There is a consequent feeling that the Democratic party, as such, is not to be feared, and this fact releases public attention for other and newer questions.

It is useless to wonder what precise political form, around which parties can be gathered, these questions will take. The course of national politics is delayed and perplexed by the nature of the Union. If the Union were a single consolidated State, the Democratic party, as an organization, would soon disappear. But as it exists in every State, and has as many arenas as there are States, its local successes prolong its national existence, and so postpone the natural change of political issue and interest. This is not to be regretted, because it springs from the kind of local independence which is most desirable in every great nation, and also because it tends to the thorough settlement of old questions before the new are practically introduced. But it also explains why, when the brains are out of a national party, it does not immediately die.

The presence of Governor Booth in the Senate will be most interesting, because it will show how the new aspect of affairs and the tendency of politics are regarded by a Republican who, when he was accused of leaving his party to secure independence of the railroad interest, replied, "Whenever it has been found necessary to do so, so much the worse for parties." Parties are for use, not for mastery. They are means, not ends. There comes a time in the history of all parties when the question whether reforms can not better be sought within the party, and whether party defeat does not involve the defeat of all that the voter desires, is a sophistry which he must have the wit and the courage to answer, or he will find that he is a mere cat's-paw. In 1862 it was certainly wiser for a voter in the State of New York to seek greater energy in the war by sustaining the Republican party than by voting for the Democratic candidate. But in 1873 the Republican in California who would break the power of the monopoly wisely voted for Governor Booth rather than for the regular Republican candidate. The reasons, however, were different. In the first case, where the prosecution of the war was the object, the Republican management might be criticised, but it was the only war party. In the second, where the object was to defeat the railroads, although the regular Republican candidate may have been an enemy of the monopoly, the credit of his election would have been shared by the party, and would therefore have been a less signal blow at the monopoly than the election of one whose sole position was hostility to it.

THE "VIRGINIUS" AND THE FLAG.

It seems to be generally understood that the settlement of the *Virginius* difficulty has finally decided that the flag of the United States absolutely and without exception protects the vessel that carries it upon the high seas and in time of peace. If there be suspicion of its right, the question can be tried only by ourselves. Indeed, it is asserted with vehemence that any other doctrine than this is British, and that we went to war with England upon this very issue sixty years ago. So we did, but peace was made without any reference to the point. Undoubtedly, however, the result of the war was a virtual abandonment of the British practice so far as our vessels were concerned. Yet it was not until 1858 that the assertion of the right may be considered to have been formally renounced by England. The two governments were long in correspondence, and at last, in 1858, Lord Lyndhurst said in Parliament: "We have surrendered no right at all, for in point of fact such a right as that contended for has never existed. We have, my lords, abandoned that assumption of right, and in doing so I think that we have acted justly, prudently, and wisely."

Yet the general comity forbids that the flag of any nation should be used to its own injury, or to that of the citizens of any other. Therefore Mr. Webster, in his letter of March 28, 1843, to Mr. Everett, then minister in London, says, "At the same time, the Government of the United States fully admits that its flag can give no immunity to pirates, nor to any other than regularly documented American vessels." Yet if the flag alone is conclusive, the exceptions are needless. If a ship could not be stopped upon suspicion, a pirate, the common foe of the race, liable under international law to be seized by the cruiser of any nation, and tried in any lawful court, had immunity under the flag of the United States. If, on the other hand, one ship could be lawfully stopped upon suspicion, so might any. Mr. Webster certainly did not mean that the United States alone could deal with a pirate showing the flag; nor did he mean that when the ship was proved to be a pirate the flag would not give it immunity. What he meant is evident. It was that the fraudulent use of the flag should not protect a pirate upon the high seas from any national cruiser. And he necessarily conceded to the cruiser the right of ascertaining. Of course it must take the risk, and if mistaken there must be apology and reparation.

This, however, could not be satisfactory. The practical benefits to be gained would certainly be less than the disadvantages and perils. Except by express treaty stipulation, the concession to cruisers of a right to stop a foreign flag upon the high seas in time of peace would constantly embroil nations. Yet it is the common interest that no flag shall be abused, and it is therefore a common duty to provide means to guard against the abuse. Neutrality and navigation laws are easily eluded, as the case of the *Virginius* shows. The relation of this country to the European colonies in the Gulf of Mexico is peculiar, and exposes us constantly to perplexing difficulties with the parent powers. It creates a class of cases like those that arose under the slave-trade, and as we made treaties to cover them, so should similar provision now be made for these.

At present our first duty is to inquire rigorously into the right of the *Virginius* to carry the flag, and to punish peremptorily and justly every violation of our laws. And then, as a sign of our sincere purpose not to harm a friendly nation, and not to wink at illicit war waged upon her from our shores, to conclude a treaty with Spain providing for the detention of such a ship as the *Virginius* upon reasonable suspicion, with recourse to our own courts. Whatever may be our sympathy with the Cuban revolution, our honorable duty is plain. There is no need of sneaking or lying. When we think that the Cubans should be recognized as belligerents, let us recognize them frankly and fairly. But until then we are bound to take every care to discharge all our friendly duties to Spain in the most generous spirit, including a firm protest against inhuman warfare.

THE CITY TREASURY.

Mr. Comptroller Green is accused of withholding their just wages, due in 1869, from "washer-women and scrubbers," and Mr. Lawrence is reported as pleading in the courts for "emphatic measures" compelling him to pay. The answer to this is that the law forbids the Comptroller to pay these demands. The appropriation for the purpose for that year was exhausted before the year expired, and the law prohibited even those then in power from paying, because the appropriation was exhausted. Moreover many of the claims are fraudulent, and in ascertaining these there is necessarily delay. The officer who came in, as Mr. Green did, to restore honesty and economy into the city Financial Department will necessarily be abused in every way; but his fellow-citizens should not lightly credit every tale told to his injury. The department continues steadily to adjust and settle the claims of the creditors of the city. But few persons know the routine and labor of this work.

Look at the daily demands of the city departments. The Department of Public Charities and Correction requires food and clothing of every necessary kind, and tools for almost all mechanical pursuits. The Fire Department must have engines, machinery, and tools; horses and the feed and necessaries for their care; telegraphic supplies and metals of every sort. The Department of Public Works demands the tools and supplies necessary for grading and paving of streets, laying of sewers and of water pipes and mains, and the engineering implements necessary for their laying out. The Department of Public Parks needs agricultural machinery and tools, building materials, plants and seeds, and food for almost every species of animal life. Printing, stationery, and office supplies for all the various departments; material for the care and repair of machinery, from the ponderous engine to the most delicate scientific apparatus; in short, all things that the exacting requirements of a great city demand for its care and maintenance are bought for the various departments either in open market or by contract.

The bills are forwarded to the Finance Department in packages from the different departments, certified as to receipt of goods and correctness of price. At the Finance Department they are subjected to examination and revision before payment. They are given to experts to be examined as to the rates charged, whether these are reasonable and at fair market prices. This involves a knowledge of every branch of manufacture and trade. The bills then pass to clerks who examine and certify that the calculations and extensions of the figures are correct; then to others, who examine the authority and law under which the purchases are made; if made by virtue of a contract, the contract and certificate of the inspector are examined; the records are searched to ascertain that no previous payment has been made, and then the bills go back to the Auditor of Accounts, whose duty it is finally to revise, settle, and audit every claim, certifying thereto, and giving his reasons therefor. It is then sent to the Comptroller, with an appropriate warrant attached, to be signed by him, countersigned by the Mayor, and returned to the Auditing Bureau for registration before disbursement.

Complaints are often made of the unjust delays to which the creditors of the city are subjected, and especially that the laborer has been kept waiting for months for the hard-earned results of his toil. Yet the records of the department show that during the past twelve months the laborers employed by the city, with but one or two occasional exceptions, have been promptly paid at their place of work, within forty-eight hours after receipt of the pay-rolls at the Department of Finance. We have seen the schedule of the time for the examination and audit of claims against the city for the first half of the year 1873, which shows that the great bulk have been settled within five days of their receipt at the Finance Department, and that the few exceptions have been delayed by circumstances beyond the control of the department, by lack of appropriations or of requisitions for such appropriation, on the proper authority, in time for prompt payment. The facts show that with all the difficulties and obstacles thrown in the way of the present management of the Finance Department, its business is conducted with admirable promptness, decision, and dispatch.

THE FORM OF THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

The pending inquiry into the methods of electing the President gives great interest to the views of Mr. Freeman, the historian of Federal Government, and one of the most weighty authorities upon political history. In an essay upon Presidential Government, familiar to political students, he contrasts our system with the Swiss, and with the English monarchy. The weak point of our executive system he thinks to be that which has been often mentioned, the fixed term of the President. If the President were elected by Congress or by some body chosen by Congress, or if the Secretaries could be elected to Congress, or had the right of appearing and speaking in Congress, the evils would, he thinks, be greatly diminished, while the essential principles of Presidential Government would still remain. The character of the candidate must, according to him, decline so long as he is selected by general party conventions. The question of re-election he considers to be a balance of evils. The controversy has changed since Hamilton defended re-eligibility in the *Federalist*. His argument presupposes a possible wicked President, but experience has shown the possibility of a weak one.

The Senate committee will hardly propose the abolition of the Presidency. But it is not because a President is indispensable to a republican system. In his late lectures at Oxford upon Comparative Politics, Mr. Freeman says that history shows the tendency of republican states in general to be against vesting the executive power in a single person. There has, indeed, been a Chief Magistrate, but he has been the chief of the executive, not the whole of it. It was announced the other day that a President had been elected in Switzerland. But he is merely the chairman of a committee. The Swiss Federal Assembly is elected for three years. When it assembles it chooses a committee of seven, which is called the Federal Council. Every year it chooses the President and Vice-President from among the members of the council, and neither office can be held by the same man for two consecutive years. Mr. Freeman says that this system prevents the commonwealth from making the most of a great man, but secures it from the disgrace of a small one. "The Presidency of Washington and the Presidency of Pierce are in Switzerland alike impossible."

In his lectures Mr. Freeman says that the notion that a republic must have a President at its head is simply a shadow of kingship. Our President he calls a four-years King; and he says that his powers are felt to be so essentially kingly that there is a growing tendency to hamper his personal freedom of action, as that of the constitutional kings of Europe is hampered. Mr. Seward said that every President felt himself to be a kind of king; and that when Andrew Johnson took leave of his cabinet, upon the inauguration of General Grant—

he being then a private citizen—it was with the air of a monarch holding out his hand to be kissed. The Executive Council of the Swiss Confederation, Mr. Freeman thinks, avoids every royal tendency. But the difference in the situation of the two countries, and in the national character and circumstances, seems to him to explain our preference for our own system. His views are well worth the attention of all political students.

OUR LATE MASTERS.

The trials, convictions, sentences, and escapes of the members of the late Ring which governed the city of New York produce even a profounder impression of the degradation into which the city had fallen than the first disclosures and details of the facts. As the reader proceeds in the story step by step, it becomes more and more manifest not that a rascal or two cheated the city, but that New York, which is so fond of vaunting its grandeur, lay helplessly in the hands of a company of banditti, who filled its important offices, taxed it at pleasure, and punished critics and complainants. No Fra Diavolo ever held a lonely Italian village more absolutely under control than Tweed and his gang held the city of New York. It seemed evident to any one who knew the facts that popular government had wholly failed here, and that there was no other remedy than violence. Nobody had a right to presume that a city which submitted to so infamous a mastery would ever have the courage to try to throw it off; and the movement of two years ago was therefore one of the most agreeable facts in our history, because it showed not only the real power of public sentiment even under such apparently hopeless circumstances, but the possibility of rousing and organizing it to great results.

The disgraceful ascendency of the Ring, the absolute power of such persons as Tweed, Sweeny, Connolly, Genet, Ingersoll, Brennan, Barnard, Norton, Fields, Cardozo, Coman, Walsh, and their confederates, was due primarily to the character of the voting population, secondly to the policy of the Democratic party, and then to the absurd complexity of the municipal machinery of government. There is an immense proportion of an ignorant foreign element in the population of the city, which is the easy prey of designing men. To this element the Democratic leaders have never hesitated to pander. Up to the beginning of the rebellion they taught it contempt for human rights; they squandered the public money upon it in the form of gifts and nominal rents for its sectarian institutions; every kind of base appeal to prejudice and ignorance was made by the Democratic leaders. When the consequences began to appear, instead of openly repudiating such men as we have named, the Democratic party sent them to the Senate and the Assembly, to the Mayoralty and the City Hall, saw them supreme in Tammany and at State conventions, and listened without protest to one of their own number airily declaiming that government was always a Ring. However much some of those leaders may have regretted the power and control of these men, they submitted to it as a party necessity, until the *Times* published the proof of their enormous offenses, and then two or three prominent Democrats made common cause with good citizens of all parties, and worked zealously and faithfully to the end to secure the punishment of the Ring chiefs. Meanwhile, as the Ring bought the Legislature, it made such municipal machinery as it chose.

The question now is, how may another such peril as that which the city has escaped be avoided? All the conditions remain—the ignorance, the party spirit, and the opportunity. There are but two general methods of relief: one is moral, the consciousness of the constant presence of the danger which has been so plainly demonstrated acting as a spur to public duty, and reminding every good citizen that he must pay his share of time and trouble if he would have good government; and the other lies in administrative methods, the increase and concentration of responsibility, the general abolition of fees, and such other details as experience has indicated and good sense would suggest to an intelligent Legislature. One thing is clear. There will be no Heaven-sent method. There are as designing knaves outside of the Penitentiary as there are within it, and they are only waiting their opportunity. Practical politics has become a promising career for rascals. And why? Because public opinion, the deliberate opinion of many a reader of these words, sustains a system which puts the public service up for sale—a system which fosters the idea that political activity is something to be paid for, instead of a duty which every man is to be censured for not performing. The great practical step toward abolishing Tweeds and Genets is to prevent politics from being merely venal, and, to do this, offices must not be exposed for sale. If patriotism and public virtue are unequal to this, they are unequal to a real reform, and another Ring is but a question of time.

THE ASSEMBLY CAUCUS.

There is no doubt that there is a large number of Republican representatives elected to the Legislature of this State who are sincerely desirous that the work of the session shall be both honest and efficient. They know that there are already snares craftily spread for the unwary and the ignorant, and they are uneasy lest they themselves may somehow be entrapped. They wish, first of all, to secure a Speaker whose character is a pledge that jobbery of all kinds will be made as difficult as possible. Such members are, of course, aware that the organization of the House is determined by the caucus, which meets usually upon the evening before the opening of the session, and they know how severely refusal to obey the decisions of the caucus is punished. The first point, therefore, which the lobby and the jobbers and the "strikers" strain every effort to secure is the control of the caucus. It is in the caucus that the real work of the Assembly is often determined. In the caucus it has more than once been bought and sold. If the pirates can succeed in obtaining the Speaker and the Clerk in the caucus, they may smile at the subsequent struggles of virtue in the House.

Now the reliance of "skilled talent" in the caucus is the secret ballot, which affords every opportunity for corrupt combinations. The member may be expected or requested by those whom he represents to vote for an honest candidate for Speaker. He may promise, and be profuse of the finest sentiments, and when a jobber is elected he may declare, with all the fervor of Joseph Surface, that he supported the regular candidate of the caucus. Yes—and how did he vote in the caucus? Nobody knows. The vote is secret. That secret caucus ballot is the cover of untold iniquity. It is preceded by all kinds of bargains for chairmanships and places upon committees, and there is no hold, no check, upon the member. There is no doubt that, if the secret ballot in caucus were abolished, honesty would have fairer play than it can now have. Nobody who knows the history of the caucus that preceded the organization of the House five years ago will have much doubt of that.

We trust that the Republican caucus of this year will require an open vote. Why should it not? Long ago the State Convention adopted the *viva voce* nomination. There is no possibility of evasion. The name of every delegate is called, and he rises and declares his choice. Why should he not do so in the Legislative caucus, since we all know the evils and the mischievous chances of the secret ballot? The general argument in favor of a secret vote at elections is wholly inapplicable here. The object of secrecy is the protection of the voter from any kind of coercion, and nothing can be more proper where coercion is possible or probable. But in the caucus there is no more fear of it than in the convention; and the very object of the open vote upon such occasions is to avoid the pleasing coercion of bribery. Ever since the election there have been gentlemen scouring the State, arranging and bargaining for the organization, and the honest members of the caucus ought to take care that they are disappointed. Let our friends demand the open vote in the caucus.

COLOR AND LAW.

The Supplementary Civil Rights bill which Mr. Sumner has introduced in the Senate is intended to protect the rights guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. Its object is to prevent a State from depriving any citizen of rights conferred by the United States. This was distinctly stated by General Butler in introducing his bill in the House. The purpose is plain, and should be approved by all patriotic and sensible men. The bill merely proposes that the equality of citizens before the law shall be maintained, and that color shall no longer incapacitate a citizen. Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, opposed General Butler's bill upon the ground of State rights, and seems to have supposed that the bill is an attempt to force social equality upon certain States. That he really thinks so can not be supposed, because he knows as well as the rest of us that such is not the fact. He also knows as well as the rest of us, and as his colored colleague, Mr. Rainey, of South Carolina, trenchantly said, that there is a feeling against the negro in the Southern States which is most injurious and persistent. It was expressed in Mr. Beck's speech, and it is precisely that feeling which inspires the hostility to the colored citizen from which the bill would defend him. It is the spirit which made the black codes after the war, and which would now make a lower caste of the colored race if it could.

It is constantly said that feeling can not be changed by legislation. But this is not precisely true. The feeling for a race which is stigmatized by the law is very different when the stigma is removed. The change of the law, indeed, may precede the change of feeling, for the word here means social feeling, which does not at once alter, although a sense of justice may reform the law. But the feeling will follow. That the British Tory party should bring a gentleman whom a Tory once called "a Jew novelist" to be Prime Minister of England seemed quite as impossible as that Mr. Rainey should be Mr. Beck's colleague in Congress. And having raised to citizenship a class hitherto stigmatized and contemned, it is our duty to do all that law can do to release them from the results of a prejudice due to their old condition. If hotels and restaurants may turn respectable guests away because they are of the colored race, and theatres and cars, all doing business by legal license, may refuse them entrance for the same reason, it is plain that the law fosters the prejudice and distinction which all good citizens are interested in allaying and removing. The moment the law enables the colored guest to call the offending host to account, and the host is taught that he can enforce no whimsical distinctions among proper guests, the prejudice will begin to wane. There is an immense amount of twaddle about the "instinctive repugnance" to colored persons. It is touching to observe of how much repugnance some persons are conscious, and how very "instinctive" they think it toward a quiet colored neighbor in a car or elsewhere, who are not in the least "instinctively" troubled by the neighborhood of the most offensive persons of another color. A man, as Mr. Rainey said, may choose his companions as he will, but the law in this country must see no difference between equal citizens.

HOW TO GIVE ALMS.

There is no recent movement more worthy of hearty public sympathy and support than that of a practical union of the efforts of the various charities of the city of New York, which has been undertaken by gentlemen who are well known, and whose characters and energy are the guarantee of the efficiency of their work. There is a general feeling that it will be a hard winter for the poor—as every winter is—and a general disposition both to economy and charity, which are not inconsistent, for the feeling that closes the purse to extravagance opens it to benevolence. But every charitable and humane person is perplexed by the consciousness of the enormous annual waste of money in alms-giving in a great city. He sees the cripple, the emaciated beggar, the half-starved woman at the corner, and the hand which is raised with the hope of relieving suffering is stayed by the fear of pandering to intemperance and fostering crime. Meanwhile pauperism steadily increases. Not poverty only, and the suffering that justly demands relief, but professional pauperism, the system of deliberately living upon the money which is annually officially devoted to charitable relief. During the last year 20,657 able-bodied paupers were received into the public workhouse, all of whom were physically able to earn their living. The recent report of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor reckons the aggregate of the able-bodied city pauperism during the year to be 116,349, and the standing army of pauperism in the city to be 80,000 incorrigible idlers and criminals. Meanwhile pauperism and crime advance with equal pace.

We are already brought face to face with one of the most difficult and wholly unsolved social problems of Europe, and the situation is largely due to the ignorance and indifference of the individual citizen. The easiest and the worst charity is giving money in the street or at the door. The most economical, the most efficient, and the most reasonable charity is giving a little care and time to the method of relief. The law gives every actually destitute person the right of public relief. It also provides that the able-bodied destitute who are relieved shall be put to work at suitable labor. If such persons refuse to work, they are to be punished as criminals. The proper enforcement of these laws would put an end to vagrancy and mendicity. But the true way to enforce them is by the consent and co-operation of all citizens, and the harmonious working of the various methods of relief. To this end the committee appointed by the late conference of city charities are directing their efforts, in alliance with the Board of Charities and Correction. The sub-committee state some interesting facts in their report.

The whole number of persons employed in trade industries in the city is about 130,000, and there are forty-five mutual benefit associations. This number of employed includes a very large proportion of the ownership of the $150,000,000 in the city savings-banks. There are many mechanics and laborers out of employment because in the decline of business the late high wages can not be paid, and the workmen refuse to take lower. These facts, duly considered, show that the number of persons in a starving condition in consequence of diminished employment is not very large. Meanwhile for the actually destitute there are twenty public societies. For orphans there are thirteen asylums, as many organizations not to be classed under one head, and fifteen institutions of relief of various religious kinds. There are eleven asylums for the friendless and destitute aged, and thirteen for the blind, the deaf-mutes, the poor mothers, the soldiers, inebriates, and lunatics. For young and unprotected women there are seven associations of relief, and many of the "homes" are for their advantage. For the sick poor there are twenty-eight dispensaries, and nearly as many hospitals. There are thirty-seven industrial schools for children, lodging-houses, protectories, and "homes." Ten societies seek the relief of sailors, two carry food to the sick poor, and one distributes fruit and flowers. There are also city missions with agencies of relief and employment societies and "helping hands." These are the official methods and opportunities independent of that private visiting and succor which no public system should ever wholly supersede.

It is proposed to organize a kind of clearing-house of the various charities, that there may be mutual intelligence and co-operation in the relief of the poor, an effort of which we will keep our readers advised. Meanwhile, if any body is at a loss how to bestow alms, let him join the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, whose office is 59 Bible House, and by giving a ticket to every applicant for charity he may be sure that those who need it will receive it, and that his alms will not encourage idleness and crime.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress adjourned December 19, to meet again on the 5th of January.

Attorney-General Williams (the nominee for Chief Justice) gives it as his opinion that the steamer *Virginius* had no right to carry the American flag at the time of her capture, but, at the same time, that the seizure of the vessel by the Spanish government on the high seas was without justification. The *Virginius* prisoners were surrendered to the United States December 17.

After the 1st of January the value of foreign moneys in this country will be changed as follows: The British pound sterling will be increased from $4 84 to $4 86.65; the French, Swiss, and Belgian francs from 18.06 to 19.03 cents, with a similar increase on the Greek drachma and Spanish peseta. The Portuguese millreis will be decreased in valuation from $1 12 to $1 08.47.

The First Baptist Church, corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, Brooklyn, was entirely destroyed by fire December 21. Loss about $50,000.

Assemblyman Harry Genet escaped from the custody of a deputy sheriff on Sunday night, December 21, and was therefore not in court to receive sentence. Officers are in hot pursuit. Several other defendants in "Ring" cases have flown, and their bail has been forfeited.

The third trial of ex-Mayor Hall was begun December 22 in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. A jury was obtained without difficulty. On Christmas-eve a verdict of "not guilty" was rendered, and thus the case ended.

The California elections for United States Senators resulted in the choice of Governor Newton Booth for the long term, and Judge Hager for the short term.

Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, the bankers, resumed business December 24. The Sprague cotton mills in Augusta, Maine, also resumed December 29.

John S. Hopkins, who was reputed the wealthiest citizen of Baltimore, died December 24, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. In March last he donated property valued at $4,000,000 to found a free hospital in the city for the indigent sick and poor, without regard to sex, age, or color, and also a training school for nurses.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A ferry-boat accident occurred on the Thames River, near London, December 21, by which thirteen lives were lost.

The Sultan of Achen has surrendered to the Dutch commander.

In the French Assembly, December 21, the Financial Secretary said that there would soon be an understanding with the United States in regard to postal arrangements.

The Pope has appointed twelve new cardinals.

The Chambers of Commerce of Dublin have resolved to build a central railroad dépôt at an expense of £750,000.

General Ignacio Gonzales has been elected President of the republic of San Domingo.

Eighteen lives were lost by the late explosion of a magazine in Cartagena. The Spanish republican forces under General Moriones are surrounded by 30,000 Carlists. Fort San Julian, one of the strongest defenses of Cartagena, has been breached.

Germany has again complained to the French government of the hostile tone of recent pastorals issued by French bishops.

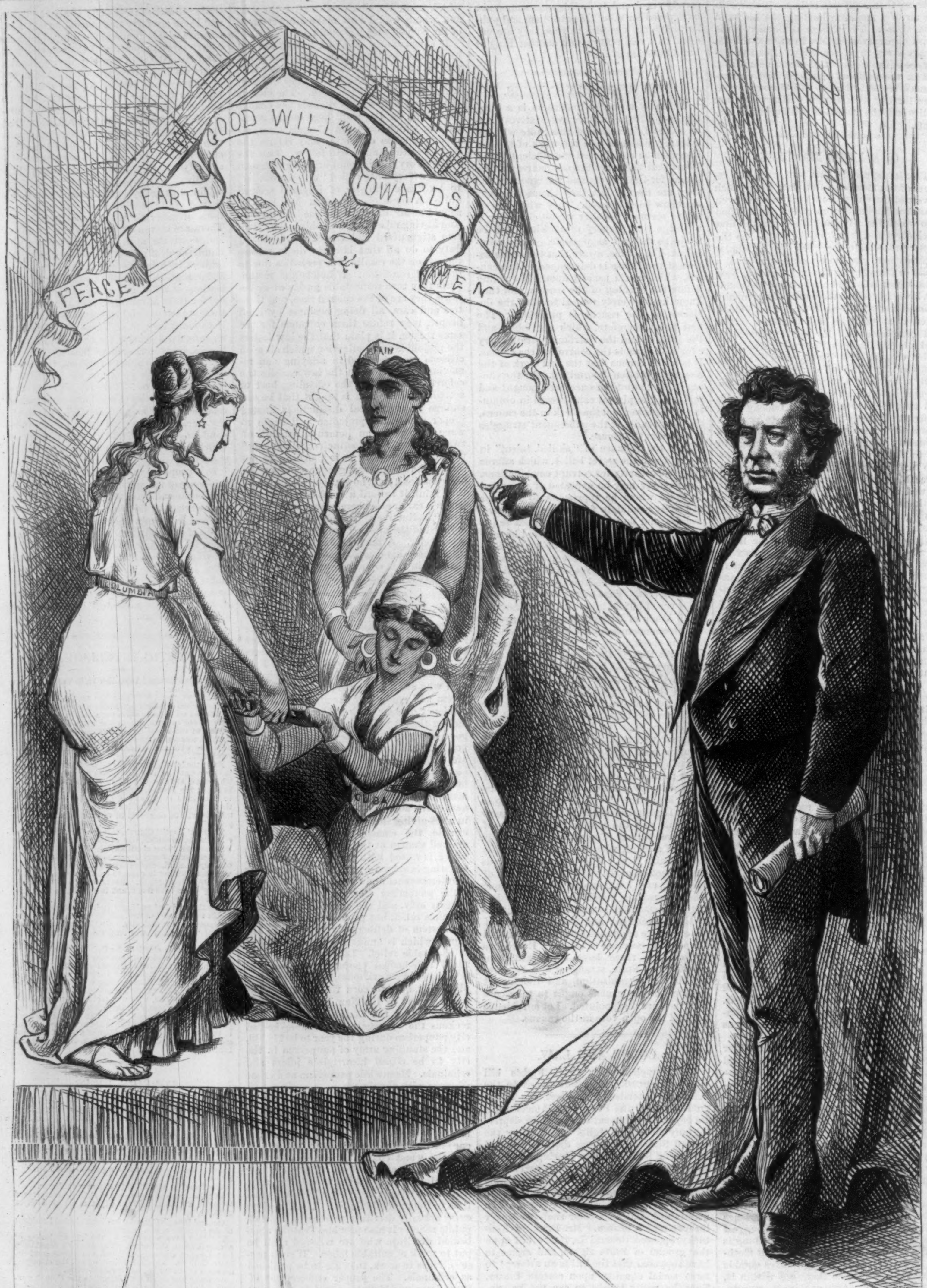
The Italian minister has proposed to President M'Mahon the resumption of cordial relations between Italy and France.

Scarlet fever in an unusually malignant form prevails in England.

The rector of the American College at Rome has remitted to the Pope the sum of $25,000, contributed by the faithful in this country.

The deficit in the administration of the Vienna International Exhibition amounts to 4,000,000 florins. The estimated cost provided for by Parliament was 15,700,000 florins, the actual expense turns out to be 19,700,000.

Marshal Bazaine is still confined in the palace of the Trianon.


PEACE
ON EARTH
GOOD WILL
TOWARDS
MEN
SPAIN
COLUMBIA
CUBA
S. REINHART Del.

A CHRISTMAS TABLEAU.—[From a Sketch by Ashton Lunt.]

(RECENT WAR HOWLERS PLEASE NOTICE.)

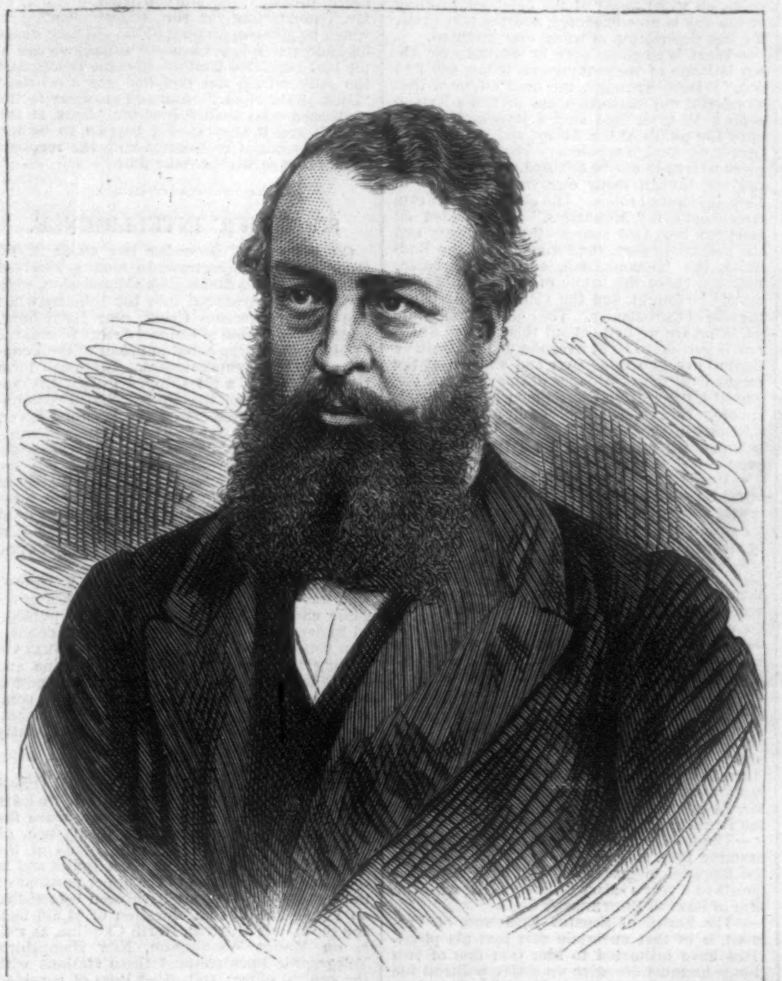
Manager Fish. "Is not the *Pen* mightier than the Sword, Brother?"

THE "VIRGINIUS."

WE give on this page a representation of the surrender of the *Virginius* at Bahia Honda to Captain WHITING, on board the United States steamer *Despatch*, which took place on the 16th of December. For a detailed account of the event we are indebted to the admirable correspondence of the New York *Tribune*. The *Despatch* left Key West for Bahia Honda Sunday evening, December 14, and about noon the next day the coast mountain, upon which stands an old yellow fort, called Murrilo, commanding the entrance to the harbor, was clearly in view. Speed was slackened, and the vessel cautiously crept along toward the narrow but clearly marked channel which leads to the smooth water where the *Virginius* was lying. As soon as the *Despatch* was sighted from the shore the Spanish flag was flung to the breeze. From the deck of the steamer was descried a black side-wheel steam-ship (with two smoke-stacks) lying about a mile beyond the fort, and in perfectly smooth water. No other craft except two or three coasting schooners were then visible, and it was not until the *Despatch* was about to come to anchor that a Spanish sloop of war was discovered lying close under the shore, about two miles and a half away. The *Despatch* proceeded slowly and steadily along, declining the proffered assistance of two pilots, and at 1.30 anchored in seven and a half fathoms of water, and about 400 yards from the *Virginius*. Almost immediately afterward a boat from the Spanish frigate pulled alongside the *Virginius*, and at 2.15 o'clock the Stars and Stripes were raised by Spanish hands, and again floated over the vessel which carried RYAN, VARONA, FRY, and their unfortunate comrades to their death. The boat was then pulled away, and soon afterward another boat from the Spanish vessel brought to the *Despatch* a handsome young Spanish naval officer. He was courteously met at the gangway by Captain RODGERS. He introduced himself as Señor DE LA CAMARA, commanding the sloop of war *La Favorita*. He was invited into the cabin; but, being informed by Captain RODGERS that Captain WHITING was to receive the surrender, he stepped briskly toward the latter, and Spaniard and American lifted caps in courteous salute.

Commander DE LA CAMARA remarked that he had received a copy of the protocol requiring the surrender of the *Virginius*, and was prepared to execute it either on that or the following day. Captain WHITING replied that he was instructed to receive the vessel on Tuesday, but the hour would be left to the convenience of the Spanish commander. It was then agreed that the ceremony should take place at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning.

At half past eight the next morning the gig of *La Favorita*, containing oarsmen and a single officer, was again sent to the *Virginius*. As the officer stepped on deck a petty officer and half a dozen men, who had stood watch on the *Virginius* during the night, went over the side and remained in a dingy awaiting orders. Punctually as the bells on the *Despatch* struck for nine o'clock, and before the echo had died away, the American flag flew to the flag-staff of the *Virginius*, and at the same moment a boat containing Captain WHITING and Lieutenant MARIX put away from the *Despatch*. As they ascended the accommodation ladder of the *Virginius* the single man on deck, who proved to be Señor DE LA CAMARA, advanced and made a courteous salute. The officers then read their respective instructions, and Captain DE LA CAMARA remarked that, in obedience to the requirement of his government, he had the honor to turn over the steamer *Virginius* to the American authorities.



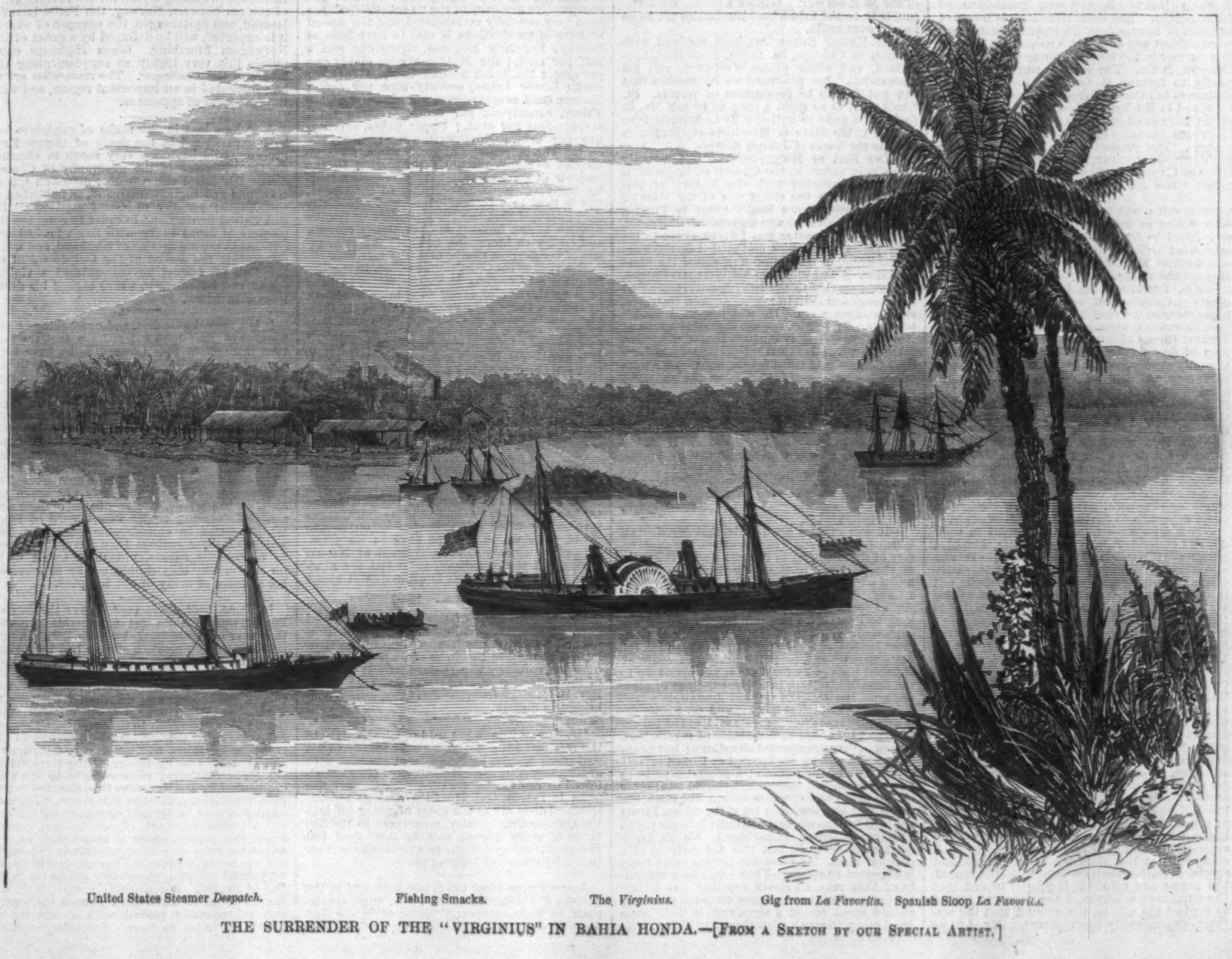
CAPTAIN JOSEPH FRY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS.]

The *Virginius* being once more in American hands, no time was lost in putting her in order for sea. Assistant Engineer LAMDIN, of the prize crew, and Chief Engineer HARRIS, of the *Despatch*, first made an engineering survey, and in twenty minutes reported the engines very dirty, but otherwise in order. In a wonderfully short time thereafter fires were lighted, and the vessel reported ready for sea. The *Virginius* proved to be in a most filthy condition, and was stripped of almost every thing movable, save a few vermin which haunted the mattresses and cushions in the cabin, and half a dozen casks of water. The decks were caked with dirt and nuisances recently committed, combined with mould and decomposition, which caused a foul stench in the forecastle and below the hatches.

At about two o'clock the *Virginius* steamed some two hundred yards, all going well, when the engines suddenly refused to do duty, and it became necessary for the *Despatch* to take her in tow. In an hour they were at sea. At eight o'clock an American war vessel was observed, and the fine navy tug *Fortune*, Lieutenant-Commander F. M. GREEN commanding, soon came up, and remained with the convoy during the night. In the mean time prize officers MARIX, CALHOUN, and LAMDIN were unremitting in their labors on the *Virginius*, and at one o'clock she was again under steam. Both vessels arrived at Tortugas on Wednesday, December 17.

On the 18th of December the surviving passengers and crew of the *Virginius* were delivered at Santiago de Cuba to Commander BRAINE, of the United States steam-ship *Juniata*, which immediately sailed for this port.

We also give on this page the portrait of the late Captain JOSEPH FRY, who was in command of the *Virginius* when she was captured by the *Tornado*. He was a son of Major FRY, of the United States army, who died in Florida during the Seminole Indian war. Young FRY was appointed a midshipman in the navy in 1841, and after the formation of the school at Annapolis, studied there for nearly a year, and was graduated a passed midshipman. He married the daughter of Captain SANDS, of the United States army. In 1847 FRY fought a duel with Midshipman BROWN, of Mississippi, near Washington, but, after drawing his antagonist's fire, generously refused to return it. He served for twenty years in the American navy, and his record during that time is a good one. When Louisiana, his native State, seceded, he threw up his lieutenant's commission, and went South. He was given a command in the rebel army (their navy not being sufficiently large to furnish commissions to all the naval officers who seceded), and served during the war in the Southwest.



United States Steamer *Despatch*. Fishing Smacks. The *Virginius*. Gig from *La Favorita*. Spanish Sloop *La Favorita*.

THE SURRENDER OF THE "VIRGINIUS" IN BAHIA HONDA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

PERSONAL.

Among the most successful lecturers of the season is Thomas Nast, who has drawn and talked to crowded houses ever since his first appearance in his new character. On Saturday evening, January 10, Mr. Nast will deliver his lecture, with characteristic charcoal illustrations, at Association Hall, corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, and this will be his last public appearance in this city.

—Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, originally published in *Harper's Weekly*, and reproduced in book form by Harper & Brothers, have gone right to the public heart. Within a little more than half a year 23,000 copies have been sold, and the demand is still as great as ever.

—The letter of Mr. R. A. Witthaus, Jun., published in the *Tribune*, gives a simple, modest, manly, but very thrilling account of his experiences from the moment the *Ville du Havre* was struck until he was placed on the deck of the *Trimountain*. It is seldom that a record of more admirable presence of mind, truer courage, patience, and successful endurance has been published. Mr. Witthaus, unlike the sons of most gentlemen of opulence, is a very cultivated young man, devoted to scientific and literary pursuits, and at the same time well instructed in, and practically familiar with, the details of business. Young men may read with profit his admirable letter.

—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says: "It will be interesting to the public to know that, in pursuance of the terms of the deed under which the endowment of the Penikese School was effected, the deceased professor before his death nominated his son, Alexander Agassiz, to succeed him as the president and director. A better augury for the future success of the institution could scarcely, in the absence of the professor himself, have been given, since there are few men in the country upon whom the mantle of the father could so aptly have fallen as that father's son."

—A musical old patriot, entitled Abram Wheeler, died a few days since in Derby, Connecticut. He was known as "poor old Abe," and passed out, from natural wear and tear, at ninety-seven—only three below par. Until within a few weeks of his death he was hale and hearty, and walked his four miles a day. In his youth he performed on "the ear-piercing fife," and was reckoned an artist. He blowed upon that instrument at the battle of Lundy's Lane, for which the guv'ment for some years past has been paying him $96 per an. He was not personally acquainted with Lundy, though he "tooted" up that narrow avenue which has since become historical.

—At that Boston tea-party held a few days since, or rather at a branch of it convened at Jamaica Plains, all the tea-things were more than one hundred years old. Among them was a curious little silver pitcher, bearing the stamp of Paul Revere. After the famous tea-destroying party in Boston, Paul Revere was chosen by the "party" to go to Philadelphia and tell them what had been done.

—The London house of Jay Cooke, M'Culloch, & Co. has recently had an infusion of patrician blood into its business, a new partner having been admitted into the firm, the Hon. Ronald Melville, a young gentleman of twenty-eight. The Hon. Melville is a son of the Earl of Lorn, a Scottish representative peer, whose eldest son and heir, Viscount Kircaldy, is a partner in the banking house of Williams, Deacon, & Co. The relative respectability of family to fortune is asserting itself in Great Britain as in other civilized countries. The bluest blood in England no longer elevates its nose at the Rothschilds, the Barings, the Burdett-Couttses, any more than it does at her great commoners. The present Prime Minister's father, Sir John Gladstone, was a well-known merchant of Liverpool. The late Sir Robert Peel's father was a cotton-spinner at Bury. George Canning, who in 1827 was Prime Minister for three months, was the son of a briefless lawyer, who, failing in that, set up as wine merchant, and failed in that, and whose mother was an actress of ordinary talent. Disraeli's father was a respectable *littérateur*, the son of a Venetian merchant, etc., etc.

—Mrs. Thompson, aged eighty-four, died recently at Crossmyloof, near Glasgow. She was a daughter of the poet Robert Burns.

—Governor Booth, just elected United States Senator from California, is said to be a gentleman of fine culture and abilities. He will be the only member of that body not elected as a party man, and will therefore be in a position to act independently of caucuses on either side. He was elected on the anti-railroad monopoly ticket. It is a party that is likely to have more representatives in Congress.

—The Rev. Newman Hall returned to England a few days since, taking with him $6000 for the Lincoln Memorial Tower of his church in London. He spoke seventy times during his tour through the country, and was, on the whole, as successful as any foreign clergyman could expect to be during a fine run of panic.

—Few men have been more useful in their day and generation than Seth Adams, who died recently at Newton, Massachusetts. It was something to have acquired, by great inventive skill and industry, a fortune of $1,750,000; but it was nobler to have left a large portion of this vast sum to institutions of charity—$30,000 to the Consumptives' Home, $20,000 to the Home for Aged Men, $20,000 to the Association for the Relief of Aged Females, $10,000 to the Home for Little Wanderers, $5000 to the Provident Association, $5000 to the Theological Library. After various bequests to his family and friends, he leaves the income of the remainder of his estate to be devoted to the establishment and support of an institution to be known as "The Adams Nervine Asylum," for the benefit of such indigent, debilitated, nervous people, citizens of Massachusetts, as may need such a curative institution, an act of incorporation to be applied for after his death. He directs that it shall be located in the Roxbury district, or within fifteen miles of Boston, and the principal curative agency relied upon shall be the "Movement Cure," hot and cold baths, pure air, gymnastics, genial associations, and religious exercises. It shall comprise not less than ten acres of land, and special attention shall be devoted to the size of the rooms and yard. It is proper to add that the numerous relatives of the deceased intend to contest the will on the ground that the testator was mentally incompetent. Mr. Adams was the inventor of the famous Adams Printing-press, on which most of the fine book-printing of the day is now executed, and the best press, for that description of work, ever invented.

—What is to come next in Westminster Abbey is "one of those things no fellow can find out." Dean Stanley, the head cleric of that wonderful old institution, has invited a layman—Max Müller (and such a layman!)—to occupy the pulpit of the Abbey, and speak to the people on foreign missions. That he spoke his piece well need not be doubted. There were no prayers, though many clergymen attended in their academical robes. The choir sung "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." He divided all religions into two classes—the missionary and the non-missionary, the former being the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, and the Christian. Between these the battle of truth would ultimately be fought, and the victory would be on the side of Christianity. The question confronts us, What are we to do about this? Dean Stanley is getting to be as irregular as that Dean of Canterbury who came over and assisted at the recent Evangelical Alliance in this city, and *dis-gust-ed* all the High-Churchmen of this hemisphere. If Max Müller is to do up the foreign missions in the Abbey, why not Dr. Doremus the domestic missions in old Trinity? Just as proper.

—Mr. Bailey, who keeps a paper in Danbury, is said to have commenced some remarks recently at a public meeting by saying, solemnly, "I would not live alway; yet, when I get pretty sick, I always send for the doctor."

—Mr. Henry Armitt Brown, of Philadelphia, assisted at that recent anniversary tea-fight in Boston, having a hereditary right to do so, on account of an ancestor who had something to do with the affair. Mr. Brown said: "A few days ago a stranger stood in the new museum in the State-house at Philadelphia. Around him were the relics of colonial times and the portraits of our ancient kings, from Charles II. down to George III. Approaching him, a gentleman said, with courteous inquiry, 'You are a foreigner, Sir?' 'Bless you,' was the reply, 'I am no foreigner; I am an Englishman.'" (Laughter.) And for the reason that Mr. Brown saw around him in the Hall named after the late Mr. Faneuil, he felt "tu hum" just as much as the Englishman did in Philadelphia.

—The late Mr. Thomas Baring set one good example that may be followed with credit by the financial magnates of Wall Street—he bequeathed a year's salary to every clerk with the firm of Baring Brothers & Co.

—The health of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, is of that uncertain sort that his physicians have intimated to him that one of two things he must do—give up active political life for a time, or become a confirmed invalid. It is mighty difficult for those Vermont men to give up politics. As they say in Taunton, Massachusetts, "They've got it bad."

—General Canby's widow is likely to get a pension of $2000 per annum, if the programme of the committee having it in charge can be carried out.

—Something worth hearing may be expected from Mr. Caleb Cushing on the 15th January, he having consented to address on that day the proposed national convention of the survivors of the Mexican war. Willard's Hotel, Washington, is to be the field where the battles are to be fought over again.

—Mr. Henry Bergh has been received with effusion in Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, and other places Westward, and his "horse-talk" has produced an impression that can not fail to be productive of results. St. Louis went at so rapid a pace as to ask Mr. B. to frame a code of anti-cruelty-to-animals laws for the noble State of Missouri—celebrated in song as the home of Joseph Bowers.

—The Earl of Mulgrave, who has recently taken holy orders in the Church of England, is remotely connected with the history of this country. He is the eldest son of the Marquis of Normanby, whose family name is Phipps. Nearly two centuries ago a gunsmith of Bristol, England, whose name was Phipps, came to the then American colonies, and settled on the Kennebec River, in the region now called the State of Maine. A descendant of his, William Phipps, did good service to the British government by his energy and skill in raising sunken treasures, and in other ways. He was knighted for his services. From him sprang the noble house of Normanby, and it is curious that the present marquis, when Earl of Mulgrave, should have been Governor of Nova Scotia, not very far from where his first recorded ancestor, the gunsmith of Bristol, hewed down primeval trees on the banks of the Kennebec, or "Snake River."

—He was a Boston man—who built a wing to his house, consisting of a cellar, a library on the ground-floor, and a bedroom above. He asked the opinion of a friend about it, who replied, "My dear fellow, I am sorry to see you have lost your senses." "How?" exclaimed the other. "Why, a *bon-vivant* and a literary man, as you are, to read over your wine, and to sleep over your books!"

—It was in very good taste that Mr. Josiah Quincy was selected to preside at the anniversary of the tea-party in Faneuil Hall. The voice of the Josiah Quincys has been constantly heard on notable occasions in Boston for over a hundred years. The old original Josiah began to speak and write on political subjects as long ago as 1767. His son Josiah had an uncommonly fine run of it, commencing in Congress in 1804, and keeping it up there, and in the State Senate, and in the Presidential chair of Harvard University for sixteen years, and up to the time of his death in 1864, at the age of ninety-two. His son, the present Josiah, is a true chip of the historical blocks, and on public occasions always felicitous. He said, at the tea anniversary: "I have in the course of my life been placed in very unexpected situations; but never in one that was so unexpected as to find myself as the lady of the house at a great tea-party in Faneuil Hall. If, therefore, I should want some of the grace and elegance which will mark the ladies who distribute the tea at the tables, I trust you will pardon me, and attribute it to my youth and inexperience. [Laughter.] We all know what a tea-party is, but this tea-party is of a peculiar kind. At most tea-parties every body is expected to speak. They may speak severally or they may all speak together, but at this tea-party of mine it becomes essential that they should speak one at a time, and, as there are a good many to speak, that they should not occupy too much of your attention. You have all heard, probably, the story written, I think, by Mr. Trowbridge for the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he gives an account of the old lady whose husband was apt, as husbands sometimes are in the best-regulated families, to come in late, and the only refrain she ever had was a constant 'Look at the clock!' And so I shall say to the gentlemen who shall follow me, 'Look at the clock!' and if they should happen to be too long, they might be haunted with the recollection of that saying for some time."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 6th of December last about 20,000 young fry of the Sacramento salmon, received from the United States Fish Commission, were successfully introduced into the Conedogwinit and Yellow Breeches Creek, near Harrisburg, under the direction of Colonel James Worrall, of Harrisburg, who acted in behalf of the Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners. These fish form the first part of a lot shipped by Mr. Livingston Stone from the United States salmon-breeding establishment on the M'Cloud River, and were hatched out by Dr. Slack at Bloomsbury, New Jersey. The transfer was made without any loss whatever; and, when last seen, the young fish were moving about, apparently at home in their new locality. The precise location of these fish, in the Conedogwinit, is at Bryson's Mills, and, in the Yellow Breeches, at Nantilly, the residence of Mr. William Watts.

Nature records the death of Mr. B. F. Duppa, who was distinguished for his researches in organic chemistry, some of which were published under his own name, and others in connection with those of Perkin and Dr. Frankland. Among these are the action of bromine and iodine on acetic acid, the artificial production of tartaric acid, the formation of organic compounds containing mercury, and the synthetical production of numerous acids of the fatty and acrylic series.

From the report of the Chief Signal Officer for the year ending September 30, 1873, we learn that the whole number of stations whence the office now receives reports is ninety-two, of which fourteen are beyond the limits of the United States, being in the West Indies and in Canada. For the study of the upper portions of the atmosphere stations have been established on Pike's Peak, at an elevation of 14,216 feet, and on Mount Mitchell, North Carolina, as well as on Mount Washington, New Hampshire. Telegraphic lines connect these stations with the central office; and other lines of considerable extent have been completed, or are now in progress, for the execution of the duties imposed upon the service by Congress in connection with the life-saving stations on the lakes and sea-coast. By these means the hitherto inaccessible points on our Atlantic coast, and especially Cape Hatteras, will be brought into telegraphic communication with Washington. These lines all belong to the government, and are operated entirely by the officers of the Signal Service.

During the year cautionary signals have been ordered in relation to eighty-eight storms. The comparative accuracy of the "probabilities" has been very carefully investigated, and the annual average of verifications is said to have been as follows: For New England, eighty-one and a half per cent.; the Middle States, eighty-one per cent.; the South Atlantic States, eighty per cent.; Lower Lakes, seventy-nine per cent.; Eastern Gulf, seventy-seven per cent.; the Ohio Valley, seventy-six per cent.; Western Gulf, seventy-four per cent.; Upper Lakes, seventy-five per cent.; Northwest, seventy-four per cent. The percentage of verifications for each district exhibits a regular proportion to the number of stations that have served as a basis for the predictions. According to the report, "it is thus to a certain extent mathematically demonstrated that the rules adopted in the deduction of the forecast are practically correct, and that with increasing facilities the percentage of verification can be annually increased."

The visit of the Chief Signal Officer to the Meteorological Congress at Vienna seems to have been productive of excellent results, as shown by the fact that the unanimous vote of the Congress was secured to the proposition that it is desirable that at least one uniform observation be taken synchronously throughout the world. It is mentioned, in connection with this subject, that arrangements have been already made with Russia, England, and Turkey to commence on January 1, 1874, the exchange with the United States of one daily report, taken simultaneously at the different stations throughout the great extent of those empires and the United States.

The contract for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth has been granted to a capitalist in Athens on the following terms: The canal is to be 27 feet deep, and 140 in width at the bottom. Near the middle of its extent there is to be a dock having a surface of 400,000 square yards. The whole is to be done in six years. The precautionary deposit is fixed at 300,000 francs, and the concession is to last for ninety-nine years. The cost is estimated at about $4,000,000.

The first evidence of the existence of fossil sirenians in Great Britain was presented by Professor Flower at the late meeting of the Geological Society in the form of a species of *Halitherium*, called by him *H. canhami*. It was part of the collection of crag fossils gathered by the Rev. H. Canham from the Red Crag, near Woodbridge, in Suffolk.

Mr. Edgar Roger has paid much attention to the rearing of the American wild turkey in his park near Nandy, in France, and has met with great success in managing them. They are allowed to run free in a walled park seventy-five acres in extent, and when their wings are untrimmed they are in the habit of going off into the surrounding country, sometimes to the distance of many leagues, seeking their food, but always returning at night to a particular tree selected by them as a lodging-place.

A new forage plant has lately been sent to the Société d'Acclimatation of Paris, from Guatemala, by M. Rossingol, Director of Public Gardens in Guatemala city, namely, the téosinte (*Reana luxurians*). This plant, M. Rossingol informs us, thrives best in the temperate and cooler part of Guatemala, on which account he thinks that, if protected against frost, it may be cultivated in almost any part of France. It is a very vigorous plant, having leaves resembling those of Indian corn, but of a darker green, and often much broader. These leaves are cut at stated intervals, and oxen fed with them fatten very rapidly. The young shoots furnish an excellent dish for the table. The plant is quite ornamental on account of its beautiful foliage, and is frequently cultivated in gardens in Guatemala.

The fifth annual report of the Peabody Academy of Sciences, at Salem, for the year 1872, has just been published, and embraces the proceedings of the Board at the annual meeting, with the report of the council for 1872, and an appendix of scientific papers. These are entirely by Dr. Packard, and consist of an account of the species of the *Thysanura* of Essex County, Massachusetts, descriptions of new American moths, of the cave fauna of Indiana, and the record of American entomology for 1872. This latter work is of special interest and value as containing an enumeration of every thing relating to entomology which has been published either in the United States or Canada during that year, and of all that has appeared abroad concerning the American insect fauna. Precisely such reports as this are greatly to be desired for all departments of natural history, and especially if they could be furnished within a reasonably short time after the expiration of each year.

It is proper to state that in the preparation of this record Dr. Packard has been assisted with the *Lepidoptera* and *Diptera* by Mr. Burgess, the *Coleoptera* by Dr. Horn, the *Hemiptera* and *Neuroptera* by Mr. Uhler, of Baltimore, and the *Orthoptera* by Mr. Cyrus Thomas.

On the recent occasion of the determination of the longitude between Washington and Greenwich it was found convenient to employ an intermediate point located on the French coast, and the opportunity was improved by Mr. Hilgard, of the Coast Survey, to make a new determination of the difference in longitude between Paris and Greenwich. The interest which attaches to a determination between the two oldest observatories of Europe by the astronomers of the New World increases when we learn that the result of this latest determination of longitude varies but very little from that made by the European astronomers in 1863, but differs widely from that which has hitherto been adopted as the correct longitude.

According to *Land and Water*, the 5th of November last was the birthday of "Guy Fawkes," the young female hippopotamus of the London Zoological Gardens. She was then one year old, and had attained a length of six feet four inches, and a height of two feet ten inches, with a weight estimated at nearly a ton. The animal eats and sleeps well, still sucks the mother, and, as usual, entirely under water. She is quite tame, and, indeed, out of water is said to be as playful and docile as a kitten.

Professor Mohn and Mr. G. O. Sars, of Christiania, are preparing a plan for the investigation of the sea between Norway, the Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Spitzbergen, the expense of which, it is expected, will be defrayed by a grant of the Norwegian Storthing. *Ocean Highways* commends this very highly as supplementing the labors of the *Challenger*. The researches are to be prosecuted in an important region, and with the best form of apparatus.

A serious loss in the ranks of explorers has been experienced in the death of Alexis Fedchenko, who has done very much in clearing up the problems of the geography of Central Asia. His latest effort in this direction was in Khokand and round Samarcand, as published in the August number of *Ocean Highways*. He had visited Switzerland in order to compare the glaciers of Mont Blanc with those he had discovered in the mountains of Khokand, and while attempting the ascent of the Col de Géant on the 14th of August he encountered a violent squall and fall of snow, which caused his death from exhaustion.

It is a remarkable fact, and one having an important bearing upon fish-culture, that the Castalia Springs, in Erie County, Ohio, have been found to be admirably suited to the growth and culture of the trout and young salmon. These springs are of great size and of uniform temperature, and flow throughout the year. At three to six feet below the surface the thermometer indicates 48°. What is peculiar in these waters is the immense amount of mineral substance they contain, a single gallon holding in solution ninety-four grains of solid matter and eighty-four cubic inches of carbonic acid gas. The bicarbonate of lime constitutes fifty-seven per cent. of the whole, the sulphates of lime and magnesia coming next. Bicarbonate of lithia is also found in considerable quantity. The waters of these springs have never been used as therapeutic agents, but there seems to be no reason why they should not be as serviceable as those of many of much repute.

In June, 1872, there passed over the Bay of Bengal one of the most memorable cyclones that ever occurred in that region. The importance of predicting such storms had long since attracted the attention of the government of Bengal, and it was considered the duty of the meteorological reporter to give prompt information of the approach of destructive cyclones to the harbor of Calcutta. But the unsatisfactory nature of his relations to other officials seems to have prevented the successful prediction of the storm in question, which was very destructive, and especially so by reason of the tremendous sea. The officiating meteorologist to the government of Bengal was, after this, directed to prepare a special report upon this storm, with such suggestions as he deemed necessary for perfecting a system of storm signals in that region. From this report, which is now before us, and which has been very widely distributed throughout the world, we see that the storm was one of very small compass, apparently generated in the Bay of Bengal. For some time after its formation it seems to have been almost stationary, and subsequently moved with a velocity of about ten miles an hour. Subsidiary vortices appear to have been formed, and afterward broken up. The report states that storms generating in the north of the bay so late in the season seldom possess sufficient energy to travel inland, and generally burst up or disperse when they come in contact with the land. The comparatively limited sea-room seems to have prevented the carrying out of those rules which have been laid down by Colonel Reid and other writers on revolving storms; and in this connection one is surprised to notice the statement made by the committee of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce to the effect that most pilot vessels sailing out of Calcutta do not possess chronometers, and generally have to trust to any stray ship that they may come across to give them their latitude and longitude.

Among the many valuable results of the publication of this report we notice the excellent rules given in it for the navigation of vessels, and the general indications of the probable formation of a cyclone. American vessels sailing to this region will find it well to bear in mind the following: "Ships coming up the Bay of Bengal in the months of May and June, with fresh southwesterly gales, accompanied by torrents of rain and falling barometer, should not press northward until the weather improves and the barometer rises steadily." And again: "In order to find the bearing of the centre of the cyclone, lie to and watch the barometer and wind, stand with your face to the wind, and measure round to your right-hand side about ten points." (In the southern hemisphere the ten points should be measured round to the left.) Daily telegraphic weather reports are considered to be desirable from six points, mentioned in the report; and signals are suggested of three kinds—first, a cautionary signal, indicating that bad weather is probable; second, a warning signal, indicating that a cyclone is probably in the course of formation in the bay; third, a storm signal, indicating that a vortex has been formed, and is probably approaching. The telegraphic connection with the observing stations has been hitherto quite uncertain, especially in stormy weather, when most needed—a matter which seems to have been remedied, weather reports now having the priority over all other messages in the telegraph office.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Another step has been taken in the debate between the Plymouth Church of Brooklyn (Mr. Beecher's) and its neighbor churches. The latter have forwarded a letter to Mr. Beecher's society, in which the expected effect of its recent resolution is described at some length. A single passage will show the drift of the whole document:

> "You seem to us to take henceforth, according to the inevitable force of your words, the position of entire independency of all churches whatever exterior to your own, so that your Articles of Faith might be essentially altered or wholly dispensed with, your rules might require no conditions whatever for admission to the church, your Covenant might be entirely abandoned, without your admitting any right of intervention or of remonstrance on the part of other churches.
>
> "We should not probably be recognized by you as having the right to make any objection to your taking this attitude, if you prefer it, and severing yourselves from the mutually responsible fellowship with us in which we have stood for twenty-six years; and since this is published as your formal, unanimous, corporate action, interpreting your rules, and declaring the position which you propose hereafter to occupy, we have only to say that, if you decide to maintain that position, of course our special relations with you of denominational alliance, and the fellowship which implies reciprocity of duties, will be suspended, agreeably to your desire.
>
> "This must, we say, be the final result. Before definite action, however, is taken by us in this direction, we shall wait to be further informed, if we should be, of the exact meaning and the fully defined relations and extent of your recent resolution. In any case we should be unwilling to take action by ourselves or unadvisedly on a matter so grave. As preliminary to it, we should seek the advice of other churches, according to the wholesome custom and rule of our system of government. In what interests all, a fair representation of pastors and churches should give to all an authorized expression. But pending delay for further light, and the process to secure the needed advice and consenting action from other churches, while we understand you to maintain this position of entire independence of all other churches, we shall certainly not attempt to intervene in any matter, either of doctrine, order, or discipline, which may engage your attention."

Pastor Weiss, of Paris, and the Rev. Emile F. Cook, President of the French Methodist Conference, who were left on board the ship *Loch Earn*, after its collision with the *Ville du Havre*, have both arrived safely in Paris. Mr. Cook was too sick to be removed to the *Tri-mountain*. These gentlemen report that the *Loch Earn* was kept afloat only by the most strenuous exertions.

Dr. Guthrie, the celebrated Scotch minister, has left behind him a charming autobiography. It was written in the decline of his life, and yet has the freshness of superabundant animal spirits. He tells two capital stories which illustrate ecclesiastical life in Scotland, and the quiet humor of Scotchmen. One is of Dr. Erskine, a great preacher in his day:

> "Dr. Erskine was remarkable for his simplicity of manner and gentle temper. He returned so often from the pulpit minus his pocket-handkerchief, and could tell so little how or where it was lost, that Mrs. Erskine at last began to suspect that the handkerchiefs were stolen as he ascended the pulpit stairs by some of the old wives who lined it. So, both to balk and detect the culprit, she sewed a corner of the handkerchief to one of the pockets of his coat tails. Half-way up the stairs the good doctor felt a tug, whereupon he turned round to the old woman whose was the guilty hand to say, with great gentleness and simplicity, 'No the day, honest woman, no the day; Mrs. Erskine has sewed it in.'"

Another is of Dr. Guthrie's experience in examining a witness in a church trial, who did not wish to tell all he knew. The case was that of a minister charged with drunkenness:

> "Besides other proofs of drunkenness, having drawn this out of a witness, that the minister, on one occasion, as he lolled over the side of the pulpit—being, in fact, unable to stand upright—said that he loved his people so much that he would carry them all to heaven on his back, I asked him, 'Now, John, when you heard him say so, what impression did so strange a speech make on you?'
>
> "Others, to the same question, as unwilling witnesses as John, had already said that though they would not say he was drunk at the time, they certainly thought so.
>
> "But John showed himself equal to the occasion.
>
> "'Weel,' he replied, 'Maister Guthrie, I'll just tell you what I thought. There was a great fat wife, you see, sitting in the seat before me, and thinks I, my lad, if you set off to the kingdom of heaven with that wife on your back, my certie, you'll no be back for the rest o' us in a hurry!'"

The text of the Pope's Encyclical Letter, issued November 21, has reached the United States. Like one of old, he "breathes threatenings," if not slaughter, though fortunately he has not the power to "hale men and women to prison." The one subject of complaint is the subjection of the Church to the jurisdiction of the state throughout Europe. Thus of the government of Geneva Pius says: "That government has claimed the right of reforming the constitution of the Catholic Church in the canton, limiting the number and boundaries of the parishes, laying down the form and conditions of the election of parish priests and their assistants, and the manner of their resignation or suspension, assigning to laymen the right of nomination and *the temporal administration and inspection of ecclesiastical affairs generally.*" All these laws he pronounces null and void. It will strike every American that many of the matters complained of come properly enough under the jurisdiction of the state. The Pope declares all who exercise ecclesiastical functions in Geneva "by the votes of the people and the confirmation of the state to be excommunicated."

The tone of the Pope against the Prussian government is very bitter. Its chief point is the new legislation, and especially the fact that "a royal tribunal for ecclesiastical affairs has been instituted, before which bishops and sacred pastors may be cited, both by private men who are their subjects and by public magistrates, there to receive judgment as criminals, and to be coerced in the exercise of their spiritual office." The Pope will not tolerate the thought of the amenability of ecclesiastical persons to the civil power. He asserts with all his usual decision the dogma of the two powers, the spiritual and the civil, and the ascendency of the former over the latter.

But the hottest fire of papal wrath is reserved for the Old Catholics and Bishop Reinkens. The Old Catholics are "sons of perdition," because they "deny the infallible teaching authority of the Roman Pontiff and of the whole Church." These men are "going on in the way of iniquity and perdition," and because they are going thus they have elected Joseph Hubert Reinkens a bishop. But such a one is "an outcast from the Christian religion." Therefore, says the Pope,

> "We, who have been placed, undeserving as We are, in the Supreme See of Peter, for the guardianship of the Catholic Faith, and for the maintenance of the Unity of the Universal Church, according to the custom and example of Our predecessors and their holy decrees, by the power given to us from on high, not only declare the election of the said Joseph Hubert Reinkens to be contrary to the holy canons, unlawful, and altogether null and void, and denounce and condemn his consecration as sacrilegious, but by the authority of Almighty God We declare the said Joseph Hubert—together with those who have taken part in his election and sacrilegious consecration, and whoever adhere to and follow the same, giving aid, favor, or consent—excommunicated, under anathema, separated from the communion of the Church, and to be reckoned among those whose fellowship has been forbidden to the faithful by the Apostle, so that they are not so much as to say to them, God speed you."

There was One who walked in Judæa over eighteen hundred years ago whose most impressive lesson to all men was that they should bless, and curse not. Can the world believe that this cursing Pope is His vicar on earth?

Even the Mohammedan clergy are subjected to the confiscation of their estates. Has the Sultan been taking a lesson from the King of Italy? Whatever the prompting, he has determined to sell the property of the church to relieve the state of debt. "More than one-half of the landed property of the Turkish empire," says an English paper, "belongs to the Mohammedan clergy. The revenue arising from this property is applied in maintaining schools, mosques, monasteries, and the numerous members of the ulema class, and the clergy will, of course, organize an energetic opposition to the proposed measure. The fanaticism of the people is great, and the influence of the ulemas on the masses is as strong as ever. It is therefore highly probable that the struggle will be severe and obstinate, especially as the present Sultan's persistency in carrying out his designs is notorious."

The Pope has written a letter of encouragement to Archbishop Ledochowski, of Posen, in which he says that the forces arrayed against the Church have been developed by "the implacable sect which has almost every where possessed itself of supreme power." By "the implacable sect," it is to be presumed, he means Protestantism. In the mean time the archbishop has been summoned before the Royal Court of Berlin to show cause why he should not be removed from his see. Like proceedings will be taken against the Bishop of Paderborn.

The statistics of the Baptists in Maine show 265 churches and 19,511 members. Of the whole number of churches 164 have pastors, and 101 are unsupplied.

We made mention some weeks since of the noonday and other meetings held in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, by Mr. Moody, the well-known Chicago missionary. The result has been a wide-spread religious interest in all the churches of that city, which has been followed by large accessions to their numbers.

The Cairo correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives a discouraging account of the prospect of the extinction of slavery in the Khedive's newly acquired dominions. This is contrary to the confident expectation of Sir Samuel Baker, but the correspondent reasons thus: "In all such confident calculations the fact is lost sight of that no true Moslem can be opposed to slavery as an institution; it is part of his religious creed, and those who have had opportunities of understanding his notions on the subject are not justified in expecting that he should be so. Hence every attempt to suppress the practice through Moslem instrumentality will prove abortive. All that the present Viceroy wants is to extend his dominions; or, to express it more correctly, to enlarge his field for taxation, in order to enable him to pay the dividends on his loans, to feed Constantinople, and to retain his popularity with the foreigners and sycophants who surround him by large expenditure on works of art, and larger still on works of pleasure. If we can show him that he can make more by taxing the blacks than by stealing them, he will be with us, as much as he dare, in endeavoring to check slavery, which is all he can do, for to abolish it altogether is utterly beyond his power."

We suspect that this estimate of the Khedive's policy is very near the truth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Saturday before Christmas is a special day in the calendar; it is the children's day for shopping and sight-seeing. Why inexorable teachers will insist on keeping the impatient little folks shut up in the school-room until three o'clock, or at best until twelve o'clock of the day before Christmas, is a problem yet unsolved. Humanity would suggest that their brief holidays commence one day earlier, so that, free of lessons, they may enjoy the display of beautiful things, may make their small purchases, and comfortably prepare their little gifts for the Christmas-tree or stocking. However, it being otherwise decreed, the children do the best they can; and the Saturday before Christmas shops are thronged with eager young folks of every age and class—boys big and pompous longing to see the toys, and yet half ashamed of the wish; boys quiet and studious, even out of school, and instinctively turning to the book-shelves; boys pale and puny, with huge heads and little bodies, languid and listless in the midst of novelties; boys frolicsome and funny, mischievous and meddlesome boys, teasing boys, laughing boys, cross boys, and good-natured boys—all these are in the shops. There are just as many girls—nay, there are more. Merry, chattering school-girls, who feel that they are quite young ladies; quiet little maidens, with bright faces and laughing eyes; mysterious little girls whispering, "What shall I get for mamma?" or, "Will Susie like this?" rich little misses, who come in carriages, and can buy what they please; prudent little maids, who weigh the cost of every toy, and count the pennies in their purses; tiny little ladies, toddling about in velvet and furs; wee beggar-girls, staring with wide-open eyes at the pretty things, and forgetting to ask for a penny; big girls and baby girls; pretty and homely girls; pleasant, cross, generous, teasing, impatient, disagreeable, and delightful girls—all throng together in one grand crowd, with a goodly admixture of mammas, papas, aunties, and uncles, who are supposed to dispense good advice and pocket-money. Every body tries to be polite in spite of the rush and the crush, for every body is resolved to have a good time. But every body has one big bundle, if not two or three; and little folks cluster together, and cling to mamma lest they be lost in the crowd; and shops not yet being made of India rubber, there is a limit to their capacity. Consequently on the Saturday before Christmas there sometimes occurs a curious scene of confusion in some popular shop, when one might fancy that half the children in the city were hopelessly entangled in an unseen web. But a lull cometh with the darkening day; fortunately an inward monitor informs some of the little folks that it is dinner-time. True, they will petition to come out again as soon as the pangs of hunger are appeased, but meanwhile there will be a chance to move around. Yet the life and beauty of the whole panorama departs when the children go. What are the festivities of Christmas without the freshness, the sparkle, the gayety, and the pure-hearted pleasure that spring from child life?

The suggestion which has been made that competent authority should decide what are the best appliances for saving life at sea, and then that no ship should be allowed to leave port without the legally regulated provision for the safety of every one on board, is worthy of the most serious and speedy consideration. The *Ville du Havre* was probably as well provided with means of rescue as any of the ocean steamers, yet from the report of the captain it appears that with 313 persons on board, her boats were capable of carrying only *about 250 persons.* What was to become of the remaining sixty-three in case of shipwreck? Many of the life-preservers also were packed away in places inaccessible to the passengers. Of course no collision was expected; but it has been wisely remarked that "every steam-ship which crosses the ocean ought to be fitted out and run as though shipwreck were certain on every voyage."

At Chiselhurst the ex-Empress Eugénie lives in complete retirement. The imperial household now consists of only six persons—the Empress herself, Mlle. L'Armina (her Majesty's companion), the Duc de Bassano, Count Clary, Dr. Conneau, and Dr. Corvisart. The Prince Imperial, however, arrives at Camden Place every Saturday from Woolwich, with his tutor, M. Filon, and remains with the Empress until Monday. The Prince is reported to be making most satisfactory progress with his studies at the Royal Military Academy. The Empress seldom goes abroad, but takes walking exercise within the park. The ponies she was accustomed to drive before the Emperor's death she has never since driven.

The lesson of the Shreveport pestilence is plain and simple. The prevalence of the disease is directly traced to official neglect of duty. During the summer the streets were full of reeking filth, and some alley-ways had not been cleansed for months. Nothing seemed to arouse those in authority to a sense of the danger, until the fearful harvest of neglect was reaped in the early autumn. The usual population of Shreveport is said to have been about 10,000 in summer and 14,000 in winter. During the prevalence of the fever it was not over 4500.

Conscious insanity is rare. Yet there is a woman living in Halifax in the custody of relatives who, while unquestionably insane, is as cognizant of her affliction as though it were any physical indisposition. She does not hesitate to confess her dementia, and importunes for medical treatment. Not long ago she escaped from her guardians, and was found lying under some trees in a forest. She said at once, "I am crazy," and asked for a doctor. She could not be deceived by a feigned personality, yet she had been wandering several days in the midst of a fierce storm in the open woods.

"It is the end," uttered in the French language, were the last connected words of the great naturalist, Agassiz. His work is done, indeed, but not the influence of his life and labors, which will long be definitely felt in the college with which he was so intimately connected, in the community where he dwelt, and in the world at large. The funeral services of Professor Agassiz were held in the college chapel of Harvard University, and were simple and unostentatious—a heart-felt and touching tribute to the memory of one loved and honored. The chapel was draped in black, but brightened up with flowers. The services, conducted by Rev. S. P. Peabody, chaplain of the university, consisted of organ music, singing, and the reading of the burial service from the "King's Chapel Liturgy." Besides the college students and family friends, there were present many distinguished persons from various parts of the country, who were sincere mourners. The grave of Agassiz is in Mount Auburn, in the lot of Mr. Cary, brother of Mrs. Agassiz.

Gold is generally thought to be the principal product of the soil of Ashantee, but it yields other things quite as important. The agricultural products are corn, pease, beans, yams, bananas, melons, sweet-potatoes, sugar-cane, and many other vegetables and fruits. The Ashantees are not generally industrious, but they are skillful in the manufacture of gold ornaments, iron implements of agriculture, and war weapons. Coomassie is the richest town in Western Africa.

Working in an unnaturally high temperature does not seem productive of any serious or fatal effect upon the human frame. In some of the operations of glass-making the ordinary summer working temperature is considerably over 100°, and the radiant heat to which the workmen are subjected far exceeds 212°. In a Turkish bath the shampooers continue four or five hours at a time in a moist atmosphere at temperatures ranging from 105° to 110°. In enamel-works men labor daily in a heat of over 300°. On the Red Sea steamers the temperature of the stoke-hole is 145°. And yet in none of these cases does any special form or type of disease develop itself.

The present winter has brought great suffering to the people of Northwestern Iowa, many of whom are threatened with starvation. The number of destitute families is reported as follows: In Osceola County, 200; Lyons County, 100; Cherokee, 10; Sioux, 200; O'Brien, 250; Plymouth, 10; Clay, 50; Dickinson, 15; Emmet, 30; Kossuth, 50; Buena Vista, 35; Palo Alto, 30. Total number of families, 680, or 4600 persons. The articles most needed are clothing, fuel, and provisions, besides seed to sow 75,000 acres of land already broken. The people of Iowa are coming forward generously to the relief of the sufferers. Contributions are asked from other parts of the country. The State Grange has made a call of twenty cents per member throughout the State, which will furnish a large sum.

It is generally supposed that the tongue is a very necessary organ in speech. But a case is on record where the powers of utterance were retained after loss of the tongue. About a hundred and thirty years ago a young English girl lost her tongue by what was supposed to be cancer. In fact, the member absolutely dropped out while she was being treated by the surgeon. Yet at the age of twenty—she was only four when this happened—while no vestige of a tongue remained, she could talk fluently and plainly, and sing well.

The new resting-place for the remains of the late Emperor Napoleon III. is very nearly completed. The magnificent granite sarcophagus, the gift of Queen Victoria, has already been placed in the mortuary chapel at Chiselhurst. The design is Gothic, and the carving is very elaborate and elegant. The sarcophagus will stand on a tessellated pavement, in the centre of the new building, and will be approached from the interior of the church by two steps through a double passage, divided by columns of jasper. This approach being always open, the sarcophagus can always be seen from the church. The little chapel has a carved altar and canopy, and at the opposite end is a private doorway for the Empress. When the work is entirely finished, the coffin of Napoleon will be quietly removed across the church and placed in the mausoleum.

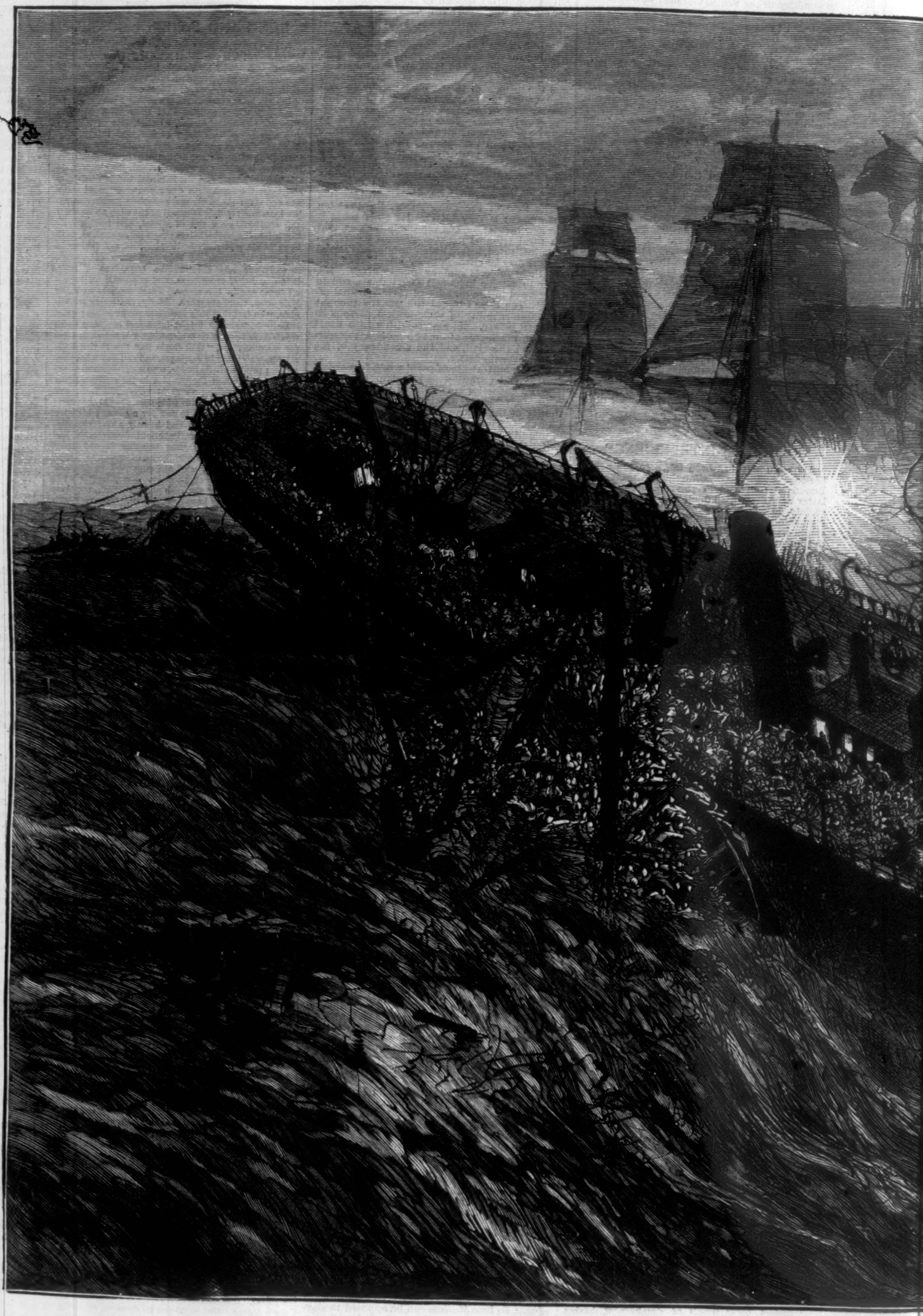
The Singhalese language stands in the front rank of all spoken tongues—so far as names of places are concerned. In the Veyaloowa district there is a village termed "Galliappoconduracirrhacoomhera." Another hamlet close by is styled "Keenloolagagollepoodama." A few more are, "Ousekellapoodamakanda," "Boodoogeykondegamowa," "Kittoolanebaderangalle," "Poodemartournecapella," "Ginegattoocapellaamblam," "Poolgahagederagamwa," "Kandettemankaddegamowa," "Galendacapejlakooroowecoole," "Gallapudichellacadawatte," and so on!

The *Queen* discourses at some length upon the importance of "lady school-mistresses" being thoroughly prepared for their vocation. It very truly remarks:

> "It is a serious mistake to imagine that any well-educated woman can teach. Teaching is an art having fixed principles, and only to be acquired by long practice based on these principles. The old method of giving each child a text-book, out of which so many lines are to be learned, is utterly exploded. The success of a school is dependent on the teaching power of the mistress; and teaching, as distinct from hearing lessons, is very hard work. That such work is within the scope of ladies we are perfectly aware, but they must come prepared to face the difficulties by steady, serious study of their profession, and steady labor afterward. All depends on their own abilities and their own exertions; really good and successful teachers can command their own terms."

The French dyspeptic is particular about his egg. He wants to know just how fresh it is. This is the way he ascertains. He dissolves 120 grams of common salt in a liter of water. If the egg is one day old, it will sink to the bottom; if it be laid the day before, it will not reach the bottom; if three days old, it floats; and if more than five, it comes to the surface, and the shell projects more and more according to the staleness.

How many of the most important labor-saving inventions originated in this country! The cotton-gin, without which the machine spinner and the power-loom would be helpless, is an American invention, as well as the power-shuttle, which permits an unlimited enlargement of the breadth of the web. The planing-machine is American. Navigation by steam is American; so also the mower and reaper; the rotary printing-press, and the hot-air engine. The sewing-machine is, as we believe, American, though lately claimed as an English invention. The whole India rubber industry is American. The band-saw, the sand-blast, the machine manufacture of horseshoes, the gauge-lathe, the grain-elevator, are all believed to have originated in this country. The artificial manufacture of ice was first invented by an American; and the essential features and most popular forms of telegraphic instruments are American.



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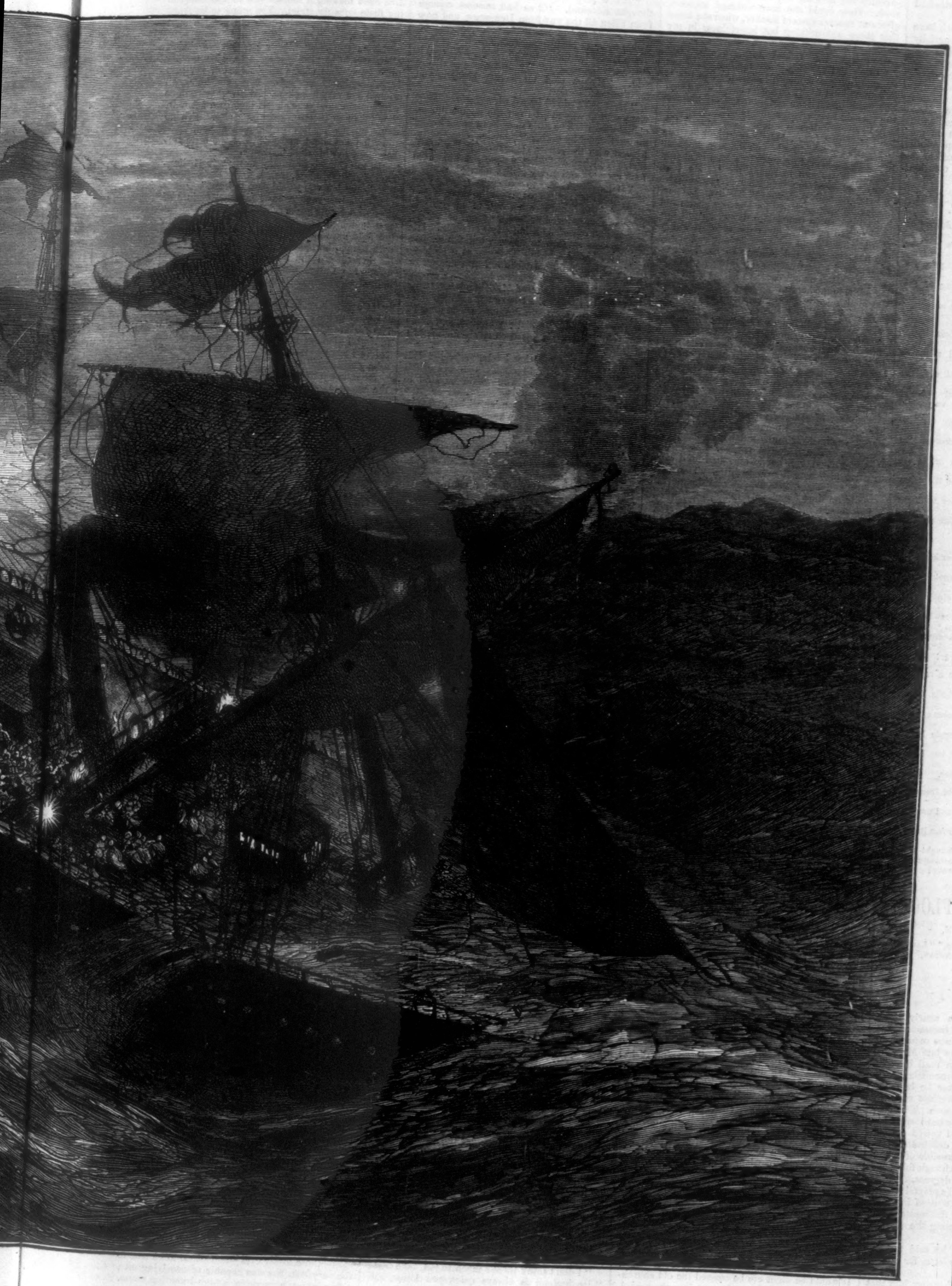


HAVRE" AND THE "LOCH EARN."—[SEE PAGE 34.]

THE "VILLE DU HAVRE."

OUR double-page illustration this week presents a thrilling view of the ill-fated steamer at the moment before she went down beneath the waves. Her masts have just fallen, crushing the boats as they were on the point of being launched, and killing many of the passengers who had crowded about them.

The later accounts of this disaster which have reached this country do not differ materially from the statements telegraphed at the time. The painful rumors of the misconduct of the captain and crew of the *Ville du Havre* have been set at rest, and it is certain that after the accident every one connected with the ill-fated steamer acted with energy and courage. The results of the official inquiry now proceeding in France will probably throw more light on the circumstances of the disaster, and perhaps afford an explanation of the conduct of the officer in charge of the *Ville du Havre* when the collision took place.

BROWNIE'S BOUQUET.

WHERE sunbeams seem the brightest on flowers of early spring,
I hear the sound of voices and Brownie's laughter ring;
The village girls surround her, she reading from a book,
Sweet-voiced as distant music or rippling of the brook.
Tell me, if in the future ye children dare to look,
What is your favorite flower?

My footsteps rude have entered in their bower unawares,
And, startled now, they flit away, and run like frightened hares;
But "Brownie," little gypsy, escapes not with the rest;
Upon her dimpled fingers my lips are lightly pressed;
And, sly coquette, she asks of me the very same request—
What is *your* favorite flower?

"Mignonne" (I say), I dearly love all flowers that bud and blow,
Whether they grow in woodland wild or in the valley low,
But best I love one little bloom born of the sunny South,
That chills not at the winter's frost, nor fears the summer drouth:
Ah, "Brownie," when I look upon your ripe red saucy mouth,
The Tulip is my flower!

And once again in summer-time, she in her hammock sleeping,
No sound save droning of the bees, and brook through sedges creeping,
I strive to still my throbbing heart, and stoop to win the prize
Through hasty kiss—my promised gloves—her long curled lashes rise.
Ah, well I know (the gypsy said), forgiveness in her eyes,
Fox-glove's your favorite flower!

Autumn came all too quickly. Within a curtained room,
Whose only light is fire glow, that sheds its rosy bloom
On Brownie, list'ning to the tale that never can grow old:
I press upon her finger small the simple band of gold,
And hear her say, with drooping head, lest I should deem her bold,
Brown "Marigold's" my flower.

Winter is here, and all without is wondrous white with snow;
Within, perfume of countless flowers and music soft and low.
With pride I see white orange sprays crown Brownie's shapely head:
Darling (I whisper) little wife, is any thought unsaid?
Ah, yes! to-night my favorite, and blushing rosy red,
Heart's-ease, shall be my flower!

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

A BITTER BLOW.

EDMUND STANDEN had been nearly three weeks in Demerara, and had transacted the greater part of the business that was required to be done in the settlement of the late Mr. Sargent's affairs, when the English mail brought him Sylvia's letter—the letter of renunciation.

He sat for some minutes after he had finished reading it, stupefied, powerless even to wonder. It seemed like a bad dream. That she, Sylvia Carew, who had laid her head upon his breast in that fond farewell, and vowed eternal fidelity—that she could thus deliberately renounce him seemed a thing impossible of belief.

He read the letter slowly, thoughtfully, his senses coming back to him by degrees. No, it was not a jest, not a sportive girl's playful trifling with her lover. It had been written in sober earnest. It was a thoughtful, deliberate letter—logical even—and demonstrating the reasons for the writer's decision.

"She has grown very wise," he said to himself, bitterly, and then read the letter for a third time.

Love had such potent dominion over him that he could not long feel bitterly toward the writer of that miserable letter. The third perusal let in a new light upon the lines. This foolish epistle, which had given him so keen a pang, was but a proof of his darling's unselfishness. It showed him the noble mind of her he loved. For his own sake, out of concern for his welfare, she renounced him.

She preferred to remain in her obscure position, to endure her joyless life, rather than to accept the chances of his future, simply because she would not have him forfeit fortune for her sake. The letter breathed regretful love; her heart overflowed with tenderness for the man whose affection she renounced.

"Foolish child," murmured Edmund, with a fond smile, "more than foolish, to think I would sacrifice her love for any thing fortune can bestow. How could she have wavered so soon, after our mutual vows of fidelity, when she knew that there was nothing but hopefulness in my mind? Can my mother have influenced her to write this letter? It looks rather like it. But no, that's not possible. My mother could not be guilty of a dishonorable action. She promised to be kind to my darling while I was away. She would never take advantage of my absence to persuade Sylvia to renounce me."

Whatever influence might have caused the writing of that letter, Mr. Standen had but one thought after receiving it, and that was an eager desire to get back to England as soon as it was practicable for him to return there. He hurriedly completed the remainder of the business in hand, doing it well, though hastily. He persuaded Mrs. Sargent that for her own health and her children's an immediate departure was advisable, and prevailed upon the stricken widow to make herself and belongings ready to start by the next intercolonial steamer to St. Thomas. Poor Mrs. Sargent obeyed her brother willingly enough. Had he not come to her as a protecting angel in the hour of her bitterest need? She was glad to leave the scenes where all her happiness was associated with the dead. The little black-frocked children were rejoiced to go to England in the big steamer, and talked rapturously of seeing grandmamma, whom the eldest could just remember. Edmund dilated on the delights of the Dean House gardens, and the English fruits and flowers, which were so different from the guava, tamarinds, plantains, and pineapples familiar to these small colonists.

The duty of consoling his sister and amusing her children kept Edmund Standen too constantly engaged for much indulgence in morbid thoughts. The widowed voyager was ill and broken-spirited, and her brother had hard work to cheer her, were it ever so little. The small nephew and nieces were exacting. Edmund had actually no time for gloomy forebodings, which are generally the growth of leisure. He grew to think of the letter quite lightly. "Dear, foolish Sylvia, how could she suppose I would give her up?" he said to himself.

Although duty kept him closely employed, it could not altogether stifle impatience, and the voyage seemed longer than it would have appeared to a contented mind. He so longed to see his darling again, to gaze once more into the darkly luminous eyes, and read there the tender denial of that foolish letter. When at last the steam wheels turned gayly in English waters, and the pretty Wight, glorious in autumnal verdure, stole up out of the blue, his heart beat loud with joy. Southampton, commonplace enough to the common traveler, to the lover seemed a fairy city whose pavements were golden.

Mr. Standen allowed the widow and orphans but one night's rest at the Dolphin ere he whisked them off to Monkhampton by the Southwestern Railway. It was a long day's journey, with some changing of trains, and much delay at the junctions where they changed, and again Uncle Edmund was fully employed by the claims of the widow and the small children. He was tired when they arrived at Monkhampton, where his mother's roomy landau and a cart for the luggage were in attendance. Edmund felt somewhat surprised that neither Mrs. Standen nor Esther had come to meet the travelers.

It was late in October, and even in this genial climate autumn's decaying touch had made havoc. The woods were lovely with that glowing splendor which is the forerunner of death. The bare fields and busy plow spoke of seed-time and winter. The carriage wheels went silently over fallen leaves that lay deep in the unfrequented roads. How welcome was that simple beauty of English landscape to Edmund after the more lavish nature of South America!

He uttered that favorite exclamation of Englishmen,

"After all, there is no place like dear old England." And England held Sylvia, that one loadstar of his soul.

Mrs. Sargent sighed plaintively.

"How happy I should be to return, if I were coming back with George!" she murmured.

The children were gay enough, craning their young necks in all directions, struggling out of their nurse's arms, pointing to every dwelling they beheld, near or distant, and asking if that was grandmamma's house. Finding by degrees that a great many houses did not belong to grandmamma, they began to have a diminished idea of that lady's possessions.

But they came to Dean House at last: the staid, sober old mansion, fronting the high-road so boldly, and not pretending to be any thing better than it was. There was the familiar iron gate, there the green tubs of scarlet geranium, still flourishing with luxuriant bloom. Edmund gave a little impatient sigh as he thought how much greeting he would have to go through, and how many maternal questions, fond and anxious, he would have to answer, before he could hurry off to Hedingham and clasp Sylvia to his breast. It would be night ere he crossed the old churchyard and opened the little gate into the school-house garden, and saw the lighted windows of Sylvia's parlor. He could fancy the glad look of surprise when she opened the door in answer to his summons, and saw him standing before her in the moonlight. Come back from the other side of the world, as it were; come back to claim her in spite of her letter.

The neat parlor-maid opened the glass door. The gardener and his underling came out to assist with the luggage, and while Edmund was lifting the children out of the carriage his mother appeared on the threshold with Esther Rochdale at her side.

The first glance told Edmund that their faces were not cheerful. It was in honor of George Sargent, of course, that they put on those sombre looks.

"It's a pity they should look so doleful," thought Edmund. "I've had sadness enough from Ellen all the way from Demerara, and now they remind her of her misfortunes, instead of trying to make her forget them."

He kissed his mother, who received him with deepest tenderness. "My own brave son," she said. "Thank God for having brought you back to me!"

"How is Sylvia?" he asked, eagerly. They were a little way apart from the widow, nurse, and children. The little ones were being kissed and welcomed by Esther Rochdale. She was delighted with these new claimants for her affection. The happy, loving nature overflowed in fond caresses and pretty girlish talk.

"It does seem sweet to come to you," said poor Ellen, and then melted to tears at the thought that she came without that other half of her own being, the fondly loved husband.

Edmund repeated his impatient question. His mother was so slow to answer, but hung upon him with half-despairing fondness, as if he were going to be led off to execution in a minute or two.

"I don't know," faltered Mrs. Standen. "She is very well, I believe. I have not seen her lately. Come to your room, Edmund; you must be so tired. Change your dusty clothes, and come down to dinner. It has been ready for the last half hour."

"You haven't seen her lately," repeated Edmund, ignoring Mrs. Standen's maternal solicitude. "You promised you would be kind to her, mother."

"Edmund," said Mrs. Standen, with that steady, resolute look which her son knew so well, "I will not say a word about Sylvia Carew till you have dined and rested a little."

"Then I shall go to Hedingham this moment," cried Edmund, snatching his hat from the slab where he had just now put it down.

"What, run away from your mother in the first hour of your return to her? I am sorry you have no better idea of a son's duty."

Edmund put his hat down again.

"You are too hard upon me, mother," he said, melted, but yet reproachful. "You don't consider how my heart yearns for her. I have had but one letter from her during my absence, and that a letter calculated to make me uncomfortable. I am dying to see her. But if you wish it I'll dine first. Only you might gratify me by speaking of her. Tell me that she is well and happy. That will last till I have dined, and can get to the dear old school-house."

"I have every reason to believe that she is well and—prosperous."

"Meaning happy. That will do, mother. I see Sylvia will be always a sore subject with you, and a bone of contention between us. But I must make the best of it. My affection for you shall not be diminished by your prejudice, nor my love for Sylvia lessened because you refuse to love her."

He went up stairs to his room, the fresh bright English room, with its English comforts. There was a fire burning in his dressing-room to welcome the voyager from a warmer climate. But this material luxury could not restore Edmund Standen's good temper. He flung himself into the arm-chair before the fire, and sat there in gloomy meditation instead of hastening to make his toilet for dinner.

"Domestic dissension!" he muttered, "how hard it is! Will my mother never reconcile herself to my choice? Will this sort of thing continue for the rest of our lives? It tempts me to think that my mother's influence was at the bottom of that wretched letter."

He went down stairs a quarter of an hour later, refreshed as to his external appearance, but by no means comfortable in his mind. The three ladies were already assembled in the dining-room, and Mrs. Sargent was looking almost bright, now that she was once more under the mother's wing. But Mrs. Standen and Esther both had a cloudy look. Except for their first greeting Edmund and Esther had hardly spoken to each other once since his return. Miss Rochdale looked very small and slight and insignificant in her black dress, and seemed anxious to avoid Edmund's notice.

The dinner progressed in the usual stately manner—that respectable stateliness and slowness which makes even a moderate dinner such a lengthy business. It would have been pleasant enough if there had been plenty of talk to fill the pauses in the service, but this was rather a silent party. Ellen and her mother talked a little, in confidential tones, chiefly about the lamented deceased, and the details of his fatal illness. Edmund, whom inclination would have kept silent, felt that for civility's sake he must talk to Esther.

"Any thing stirring at Hedingham while I was away?" he asked. "Have you any news to tell me, Esther? You ought to have quite a budget after three months."

Miss Rochdale blushed, and looked down at her plate.

"I don't think there's much to tell," she said; "Hedingham is always quiet, you know, Edmund."

"Yes, it's a dreadfully dead-and-alive place, no doubt, still in three months there must have been some remarkable events—cricket matches, foot-ball—"

"I really don't know any thing about cricket or foot-ball."

"Dinner-parties, births, deaths, marriages?"

At this last word Esther's blush deepened to such crimson that Edmund could not but remark it.

"Come, there has been a wedding," he exclaimed, "and one that you are rather interested in, I should think, by the way you blush. What does it mean, Esther? Have you been getting married yourself, and kept the news to surprise me on my return?"

"No, Edmund. I am never going to marry. I've been making a solemn vow to that effect to the little ones up stairs. I'm going to be Aunt Esther all my life, and a nice old maiden aunt by-and-by."

"Nice you must always be; but we sha'n't allow you to be always a spinster. My mother must have some of the propensities of her sex, superior-minded as she is. Now, you know, all women are match-makers. When they've done with matrimonial schemes on their own account, they begin to plot for some one else. I've no doubt my mother has her views about you."

Esther was silent, and looked even a little embarrassed by this mild badinage.

"Then there is positively no news in Hedingham?" said Edmund.

"None that you would care to hear."

Dinner was over at last, and the produce of the Dean House grapery duly praised—the largest bunches sent up stairs to the children by the fond grandmother. Edmund left the room with his mother, put his arm through hers, and led her toward the study, a snug little room where there were always candles ready to be lighted when any one wanted to write a letter or find a book.

"Come in here, mother," said the young man; "I want to have a long talk. I suppose it's too late for me to go to the school-house to-night, though I had set my heart upon seeing Sylvia before I went to bed. Our dinner is always such a long business."

He struck a match, lighted the tall candles in the massive old silver candlestick, wheeled a comfortable chair forward for his mother, and then seated himself opposite her.

"Now, mother," he said, "I've dined and rested, in obedience to your behest, and now tell me all about Sylvia."

"Edmund," faltered Mrs. Standen, looking at him with unspeakable tenderness, "I have something to tell you which will, I fear, make you very unhappy, yet it ought not to do so, if you can only be wise, and see the matter as I see it. You have had a most happy escape."

"What do you mean?" cried Edmund, with quickened breathing. "I don't understand a word you say."

"Sylvia Carew is married."

"Married?" he cried, looking at her in sheer amazement, and then he broke out into a laugh, singularly harsh of sound as compared with that genial laughter which was natural to him. "Come, mother, this is a joke, of course. Or you're trying me—you want to find out how I should take the loss of her, were it possible for me to lose her. But it isn't possible, except by death." Then, with an awful look, he cried out, "She's not dead, is she? You said just now that she was well, but you may have been paltering with me in a double sense. The dead are well. For God's sake, speak," he cried, violently, "is Sylvia dead?"

"No, she is well enough, as I told you when you asked about her; and she is what the world calls wonderfully fortunate. She is married to Sir Aubrey Perriam."

"Mother, do you want to drive me mad? Whose invention, whose lie, is this? Married to Sir Aubrey? Why, she had never seen the man's face. I heard her say so the day before the school feast."

"True; but he saw her at the school feast—saw her and fell in love with her. They were married about five weeks after you left. A very quiet marriage. No one, except the vicar and the people concerned, knew any thing about it till it was over. It was a nine days' wonder. They came back to The Place a fortnight ago. I have seen Lady Perriam driving about in her carriage."

"Lady Perriam!" cried Edmund, with a still harsher laugh. "How well it sounds, doesn't it? I suppose it was for that she married a man who must be nearly old enough to be her grandfather. Lady Perriam! No, it was her father forced her to marry him. I'll not believe that she was base. I know that she loved me. I felt the beating of her heart against my own in the moment of our parting—the heart that beat so strongly, and seemed all truth. I know that she loved me!"

"She may have loved you in her own selfish way; but you see she loved rank and wealth much better."

"It was no act of her own free-will. She was goaded to it, forced to do it."

"She renounced you of her own free-will in less than a week after you left," answered Mrs. Standen; and then she told the story of her first and only visit to Sylvia Carew.

"Esther was present all the time; Esther heard all," she said, in conclusion.

"Oh, I am not going to question the truth of your statements," returned Edmund, wearily. "She has married—that is enough. It matters very little by what degrees she arrived at that baseness. Enough to know that she lied to me; that when she looked up in my face with tearful eyes—those lovely eyes—and swore to be true to the very last, she was capable of deceiving me; a fine house, a carriage, a high-sounding name, could tempt her away from me. Say even that her father persuaded her, threatened, tormented her, had she been loyal she would have borne the uttermost torment, she would have died under the torture, rather than have broken her faith with me. The struggle would not have been for very long. She knew that I was coming back. A little courage, a little constancy, and I should have been at her side to claim and hold her for my own against all the world."

The strong man was vanquished by the force of that stronger passion, and for the first time since his father's death Edmund Standen wept bitter tears.

The mother flew to his side, knelt down by his chair, hung upon him fondly, trying to comfort him with overflowing love.

"Edmund," she sobbed, "it is not my fault—you will not hate me because of this sorrow that has fallen upon you. Believe me, I did nothing to influence that false, wicked girl. I went to her, prepared to take her to my heart; I promised to be generous to you by-and-by, if she proved a good wife; I tried to conciliate her, but she was false to you in her heart at that very moment. She seized upon the shallowest pretext for jilting you. She is a base, designing creature, not worth a thought."

"Hush, mother," said the young man, with an almost solemn quietude. He had dashed aside those unmanly tears, and bore the sharp pains of this new sorrow like a martyr. "Hush, mother, not one word against her. Let her name be dead between us. Let it be more utterly dead than the names of those we have loved and lost. We speak of them sometimes. We will never speak of her."

His mother, wise even in her love, kissed his cold brow, damp with the anguish of this mental struggle, and left him alone with his sorrow. Whatever form his passion took, were it despair or anger, it was best that he should fight his battle alone.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ALOE THAT BLOOMS BUT ONCE.

The Dean House family saw no more of Edmund Standen that night. He staid in the study for about an hour, and then let himself quietly out of the hall door, and set off in the direction of Hedingham. Some curious impulse of mind and heart led him to the scene of his lost happiness—the shadowy old church-yard where he had lingered with his beloved in the summer evenings that were gone; the wide-stretching old yew which had so often been their trysting tree; the garden hedge by which he had waited sometimes after dark for the stolen hand-clasp, a few hasty words, a promise of meeting to-morrow.

The moon was up, and the country-side glorious in that solemn beauty which only moonlight can give. The distant line of sea yonder, which the lonely pedestrian saw from the hill-top, looked silver white against the dark of wood and moor. Edmund crossed that little copse adjoining the hill-side meadow, and the old chestnut-tree beneath which he and Sylvia had met so often.

The past is eternal, says Schiller. Edmund felt that his past happiness must color all his life to come, never to be forgotten, an ever-present regret, a haunting shadow dividing him from all possibilities of joy. He lingered a little beneath the wide boughs of the chestnut. Early to blossom, early to fade, like his own hopes, had been the old tree. The dead leaves fluttered slowly down about him as he stood there, alone with his withered hopes. "Poor leaves, poor dreams," he said to himself, "who would have thought in your spring-tide that you bloomed but to decay?"

It was ten o'clock when Edmund entered the village, and Hedingham was for the most part asleep. The ripple of the brook that ran through the rustic street was the only sound in the place. There were lights in the rectory windows, and lights in the school-house, lights gleaming from the two lattices he had watched so often. He crossed the church-yard, lingering a little by the tomb of the De Bossinnys, as he had lingered under the chestnut. Here they two had parted, with vows of eternal fidelity. Here he had left her sorrow-stricken.

"Fortune is a speedy consoler," he said to himself, bitterly.

He opened the loosely latched gate, between the church-yard and the school-master's garden, and went in. He wanted to see James Carew, to tax him with having forced his daughter to this ill-assorted union, to tell him in no gentle phrase his opinion of that act.

He knocked at the low door under the porch, and it was opened promptly. But not by James Carew. The person who opened it was a youngish man, with sandy hair and spectacles.

"Is Mr. Carew at home?" asked Edmund, wondering who this stranger might be.

"Mr. Carew left Hedingham six weeks ago," answered the young man. "He gave up the situation of school-master, partly on account of declining health, and partly because of his daughter having married Sir Aubrey Perriam."

"Do you know where Mr. Carew has gone?"

"Not exactly, Sir. I believe he went abroad, somewhere in the South, to spend the winter."

This seemed curious. Edmund fancied that Sylvia's father would remain at Hedingham to profit by the barter of his daughter's peace, yet it had been foolishness to expect to find him still a parish school-master, toiling for a pittance. That would have been a sorry bargain which would have left him no better off than before. He had doubtless hurried off to enjoy life, remote from the scene of his iniquity.

Edmund left the school-house. It had a changed look to him somehow, as if it were but the dead corpse of the place he had once known. The garden was strewed with faded leaves, the dahlias and ragged chrysanthemums spoke of autumn and decay, the perfume of the summer was fled, scentless flowers bloomed coldly in the beds that had once been sweet with roses and carnations, sweet-pease, and mignonette.

"How shall I teach myself to forget her?" thought Edmund, as he walked homeward to begin common daily life again, without the charm that had sweetened it.

He had been happy enough before he met Sylvia Carew, but now happiness seemed impossible without her.

Mrs. Standen and Esther were both agreeably surprised by Edmund's manner next morning. They had fancied that the gloom of this great sorrow would hang over him long, would poison his life for years to come. They had thought, with fear and trembling, how some desperate illness, some perilous fever of mind and body, might be the issue of this sudden and bitter disappointment. They were unspeakably relieved to find him in outward bearing almost the same as of old; a little graver and more silent, perhaps, but manly, cheerful, thoughtful for others. In a word, Edmund Standen did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at.

Yet in his innermost heart he felt that all the best and brightest part of his life was ended. The hopes and dreams that had made youth so fair a morning were dead forever. He nerved himself to face this grief and conquer it, or at least rise superior to it; but the grief was none the less intense because he bore it like a man. He also felt it like a man, to the core of his wounded heart.

He had a long, serious talk with his mother the day after his return. They walked up and down the broad gravel mall together in the cheerful autumn sunlight, and spoke of many things, but not a word of Sylvia.

"I think I shall go back to the Continent, mother, and wander about for a year or two," said Edmund; "there's a great deal of Northern Europe that I should like to see—Roumania, Hungary, Poland. I might stop away as much as three years, perhaps."

"Very well, Edmund," said his mother, in her firm, yet gentle voice. "If it is really for your happiness that you should go, I can not say stop. But I am getting old, and I had hoped that you would have been my friend and companion in declining life. It seems hard that you must run away from me just when I need you most. Do you think it will be so much easier to get rid of your trouble in a foreign land—that you can dig a deeper grave for sorrow in a strange soil?"

"You are right, mother. Trees and hills and flowers, and every wind and angle in the road, remind me of—what has been. But they do not awaken memory. That never sleeps, never can sleep. I dare say I should be just as wretched in Germany. If my going away would grieve you, why, I'll stop."

"It would grieve me, Edmund! What have I to live for except you? Poor Ellen and the children—and Esther. They are very dear to me, but they have always been secondary to you. I gave you my whole heart, Edmund."

"Yet you would have disinherited me."

"That was a desperate means to save you from a fatal step. Providence has interfered. I shall never talk of disinheriting you any more."

"If you knew how little I value money, you would better understand how vain a threat that was. Fate has been on your side, mother, but I could have held my own against all the world. I care less for money now; and yet I feel that I can't lead an idle life. The dawdling, half-asleep and half-awake existence of a country squire won't do for me. I should go out of my mind. If you will not let me go abroad and roam from one place to another, I must find some kind of employment."

"My dear boy, I only desire to see you happy."

"I believe that, mother," the son answered, tenderly, "and to be happy I must be occupied; hard work is the best panacea for my disease. I'll go to Monkhampton to-morrow morning, see Sanderson, the manager, and get him to take me into the bank. I fancy I must have inherited some of my father's commercial capacity."

"Dear Edmund, there is so little occasion for you to do any thing. You will have as good an income as you can possibly desire."

"I want employment, mother, not income. If I were a heaven-born genius I should go up to London and read for the bar, but I don't feel that I could wait seven years for my first brief. I'd rather have a stool in the Monkhampton Bank and count the farmers' greasy notes. I should feel that I was doing something."

"Ah, Edmund, I look forward to the day when you will see things in a new light—when a hope that I once fondly cherished may perhaps be realized."

"What hope, mother?"

"The hope of seeing you united to an amiable and worthy wife."

"Stop, mother. Let that subject be a sealed book. I shall never marry."

"Never is a long word, Edmund."

"But life is not long. You know what my favorite poet says—'Our brief life forbids the indulgence of a distant hope.' What is to-day with me will be to-morrow."

"If I thought that, I should be miserable. But I trust in the goodness of God. My beloved son will not always be unhappy. The leaves fall from yonder trees, Edmund, but spring will bring new buds."

"The heart of man has not the same happy facility for putting forth new shoots. Man's heart is like the aloe, which blossoms once in a generation."

"My dear Edmund, it is natural for you to feel as you do. Yes, you shall take a situation at the bank; you shall work as hard as you like—only stay near me. Life is indeed too brief for the severance of a mother from her only son. I will put my trust in Providence, and wait till the aloe blossoms again."

"Not this aloe, mother. It may grow into a good strong plant, and be of some use in its generation, but it shall put forth no second flower."

"Who shall answer for the heart? Only God and Time," answered the mother, solemnly.

This conversation was not without a consoling effect upon Edmund. He went to the Monkhampton Bank next day, and as it was only his caprice to seek employment, and salary was not a matter of bread-and-cheese to him, he was received by the manager with open arms. Mr. Sanderson was glad to pay honor to the representative of the founders of the bank. He offered Edmund a post immediately, and a hundred and fifty per annum to start with. "It seems absurd to talk to you of salary," said Mr. Sanderson, grandly, "but a hundred and fifty will give you an extra hunter in the course of the year, or pay for your gloves."

"You're very kind," answered Edmund, "but I don't want hunters or gloves. I want employment and independence."

"Rather a curious business," thought the manager, when the applicant had retired. "I suppose he has had another shindy with the old lady. They said that mother and son quarreled about that school-master's pretty daughter, whom Sir Aubrey Perriam was foolish enough to marry; but what is the present row about, I wonder?"

The manager was surprised when Mrs. Standen came to fetch her son after his first day at the bank. Still more surprised to see the mother's look of love as Edmund joined her.

"Come to fetch her little boy home from day school," said Mr. Sanderson to himself; "then there has been no shindy after all, and the young man means business."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GIANTS.

The Bible mentions several races of giants, as the Rephaims, the Anakims, the Emims, the Zonzonims, and others. Profane historians also mention giants; they gave seven feet of height to Hercules, their first hero, and in our days we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen in 1735 measured eight feet some inches. The Emperor Maximin was of that size; Skenkius and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature; and Goropius saw a girl who was ten feet high.

The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet; and the bones of Secondilla and Pufio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.

Funnam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene the Second, King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones; and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons of ten and eleven feet long.

The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says that they found in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain the head of a Gaunche, which had eighty teeth, and that the body was not less than fifteen feet long.

The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high.

Rioland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says that, some years before, there was to be seen in the suburbs of St. Germain the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high.

In Rouen, in 1509, in digging in the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin-bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereon was engraved, "In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont, and his bones." Platerus, a famous physician, declares that he saw at Lucerne the true human bones of a subject which must have been at least nineteen feet high.

Valence in Dauphiné boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Vivarais, who was slain by an arrow by the Count de Cabillon, his vassal. The Dominicans had a part of the shin-bone, with the articulation of the knee, and his figure painted in fresco, with an inscription showing that this giant was twenty-two feet and a half high, and that his bones were found in 1705 near the banks of the Morderi, a little river at the foot of the mountain of Crussol, upon which, tradition says, the giant dwelt.

January 11, 1613, some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphiné, in a field which by tradition had long been called the Giant's Field, at the depth of eighteen feet discovered a brick tomb thirty feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high, on which was a gray stone, with the words Theutobochus Rex cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire—twenty-five feet and a half long, ten feet wide across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast-bone to the back. His teeth were about the size each of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured four feet.

Near Mezarino, in Sicily, in 1516, was found a giant thirty feet high; his head was the size of a hogshead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

Near Palermo, in the valley of Mazara, in Sicily, a skeleton of a giant thirty feet long was found in the year 1548, and another of thirty-three feet high in 1550; and many curious persons have preserved several of these gigantic bones.

The Athenians found near their city two famous skeletons, one of thirty-four and the other of thirty-six feet high.

At Totu, in Bohemia, in 758, was found a skeleton, the head of which could scarce be encompassed by the arms of two men together, and whose legs, which they still keep in the castle of that city, were twenty-six feet long.

The skull of the giant found in Macedonia, September, 1691, held 210 pounds of corn.

The celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, who treated this matter very learnedly, does not doubt these facts, but thinks the bones were those of elephants, whales, or other enormous animals.

Elephants' bones may be shown for those of giants, but they can never impose on connoisseurs.

Whales, which by their immense bulk are more proper to be substituted for the largest giants, have neither arms nor legs; and the head of that animal has not the least resemblance to that of a man. If it be true, therefore, that a great number of the gigantic bones which we have mentioned have been seen by anatomists, and have by them been reputed real human bones, the existence of giants is proved.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It was not until a Bridgeport woman read the recipe in half a dozen different papers that she concluded to give it a trial. We refer to that recipe which says that "a table-spoonful of sawdust placed in each boot will keep the feet both dry and warm." The husband of this Bridgeport woman was always complaining about cold feet, and so the other morning she poured two table-spoonfuls of sawdust into his boots. The result rather surprised her. He slipped on his boots, ate his breakfast, and started for his place of business. He had not gone twenty-five yards from the house before he retraced his steps, and commenced to orate on profane history. As soon as he got into the dining-room he assisted one boot off with the toe of the other, and kicked it against a ten-dollar mirror, while its mate struck his seven-year-old son on the head, and made him yell lustily. His wife, seeing that something ailed her husband, asked, "What's the matter, dear?" He said something that sounded like "jam it," gathered up his boots, and after emptying out the sawdust, replaced them on his feet, and shot out of the house, with his feet warm clear to the roots of the hair on his head. His wife thinks maybe she used the wrong kind of sawdust.

What is to be?—A verb.

A justice of the peace in Illinois, before whom a citizen had prosecuted his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his own parlor the Sunday evening previous, solemnly decided as follows: "It 'pears to me that this young feller was courtin' the plaintiff's gal in plaintiff's parlor, and that plaintiff intruded, and was put out by defendant. Courtin' is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore the law of Illinois will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courtin' is on foot, and so the defendant is discharged, and plaintiff must pay the costs."

A lady once being asked what she thought was a good remedy for bee stings, said she had never found any thing better than to keep away from the bees.

An amateur sportsman went hunting the other day. He only fired one load, and brought all the shot home with him—in his left leg—all but four grains, and his dog caught them in his ear. There is such a thing as being too economical.

A man who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of parade to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed: "Attention, company! Rear rank, three paces, march!" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket, came running in, saying, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war?"

A FAST FRIEND—The telegraph.

It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, his residence, was returning home on horseback in the evening, which was pretty dark. Just before he reached a neighboring village his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that condition, he stopped at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle. "No," replied the son of Vulcan; "but I can with a hammer."

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last" was a shoe-maker.

A Hartford gentleman who had tarried late at a wine supper found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she, "Here I've been waiting and rocking in a chair till my head spins round like a top!" "Jess so where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere."

HOW TO RAISE BEETS—Take hold of the tops and pull.

A coxcomb, teasing Doctor Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he could never go out without catching cold in the head. "No wonder," returned the doctor; "you always go out without any thing in it."

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

A celebrated Scotch divine had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in the front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it. The whole pack was scattered over the floor of the gallery. The minister could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "O man, man! surely your psalm-buik has been ill bund."

It is the opinion of a Western editor that wood goes further when left out-of-doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

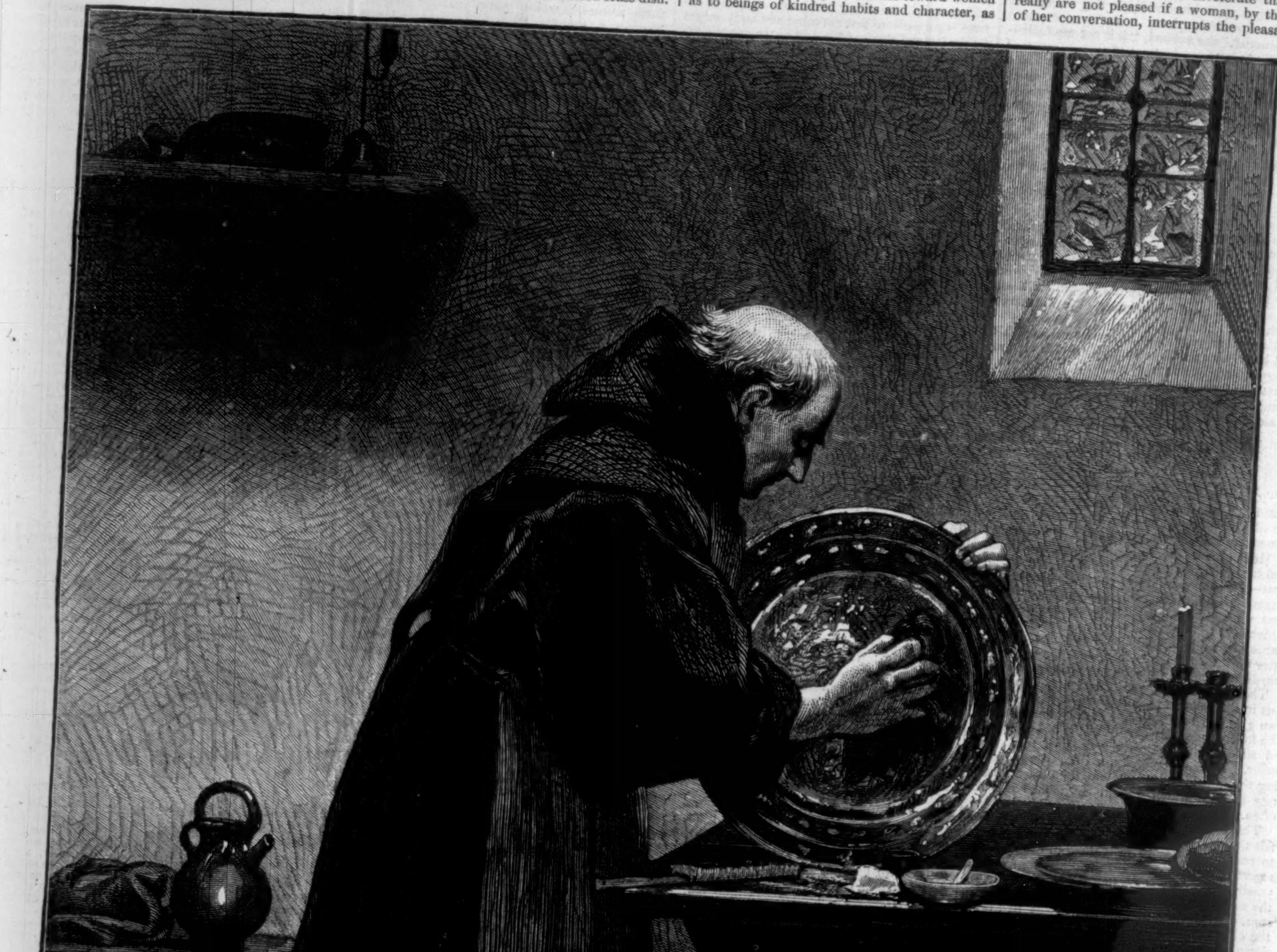
A Chinaman stepped into a jewelry store in San Francisco and inquired if they had any "consistencies." On being asked to explain himself, he didn't know what consistency was, but had been told it was a jewel.

The higher we take a thermometer up a mountain, the lower it gets.

A clergyman in the north of Scotland was riding along the road one day, and had on a cloak (which he wore when the elements without seemed to wage war and dispute their claims to superiority) of rather an extraordinary make and pattern, cape upon cape, like the outworks in a regular fortification, so that when the rain had got possession of one fold it had a fresh one to encounter. The winds were trying their full power to turn this tailor's barricade into ridicule, and were assailing the shoulder turrets in all directions, when an English gentleman came up, mounted on a very spirited horse, which had never been trained to such sights, and took alarm, and almost threw his rider. "Why, man," said John Bull, "that cloak o' yours would frighten the devil." "Weel," replied the minister, "that's just my trade."

"THE CONVENT DRUDGE."

The peculiarities which distinguish one human being from another may be hidden under the monastic cowl, but they are assuredly not eradicated; and the outward uniformity which an assemblage of monks presents to the eye of the spectator certainly does not extend to the occupants of the conventual livery. In every convent doubtless there are men to whom spiritual exercises are especially irksome, who are by nature of an active secular turn, and who practically maintain, whatever be their theories, that prayer and labor are convertible terms. Such a one is pretty sure to become the convent drudge—rather despised, perhaps, and scoffed at by those of his brethren who are of a more devotional turn, yet perhaps destined to be welcomed by St. Peter at the heavenly gate as heartily as the most flesh-mortifying saint in the fraternity. Here we have him painted to the life by Mr. Marks's humorous pencil. Note his way of standing, and the fumbling action of his hands as he polishes that embossed brass dish.



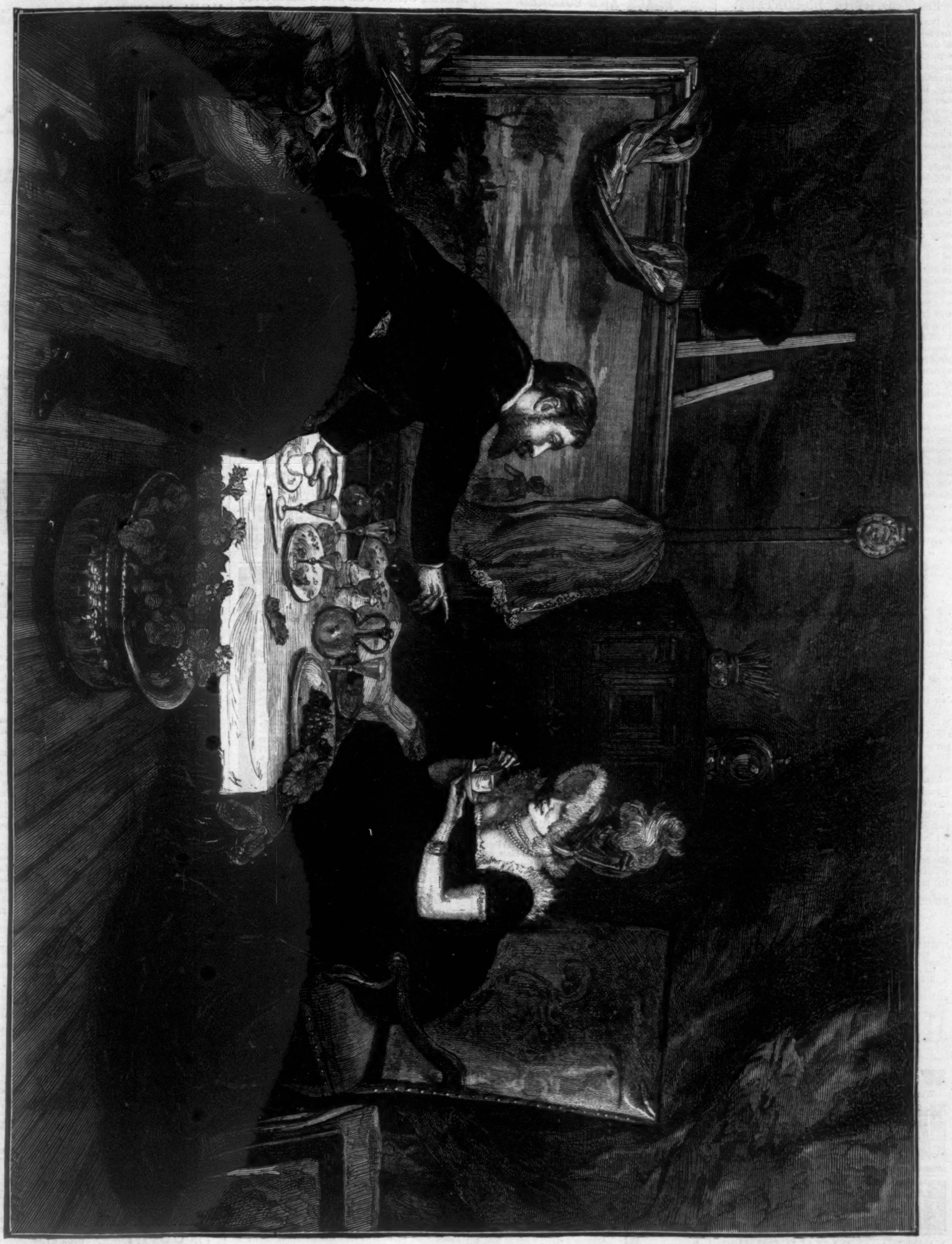
"THE CONVENT DRUDGE."—[From the Picture by H. S. Marks, A.R.A.]

POLITENESS TO WOMEN.

There does not appear any reason why the education of women should differ in its essentials from that of men. The education which is good for human nature is good for them. They are a part—and they ought to be, in a much greater degree than they are, a part—of the effective contributors to the welfare and intelligence of the human family. In intellectual as well as in other affairs they ought to be fit helps to man. The preposterous absurdities of chivalrous times still exert a wretched influence over the character and allotment of women. Men are not polite, but gallant; they do not act toward women as to beings of kindred habits and character, as to beings who, like the other portion of mankind, reason and reflect and judge, but as to beings who please, and whom men are bound to please. Essentially there is no kindness, no politeness, in this, but selfishness and insolence. He is the man of politeness who evinces his respect for the female *mind*. He is the man of insolence who tacitly says, when he enters into the society of women, that he needs not to bring his intellect with him. I do not mean to affirm that these persons intend insolence, or are conscious always of the real character of their habits. They think they are attentive and polite; and habit has become so inveterate that they really are not pleased if a woman, by the vigor of her conversation, interrupts the pleasant trifling to which they are accustomed. Unhappily, a great number of women themselves prefer this varnished and gilded contempt to solid respect. They will not see the practical insolence with which they are treated. Yet what insolence is so great as that of half a dozen men who, having been engaged in intelligent conversation, suddenly exchange it for frivolity if ladies enter?

"BREAKFAST IN THE STUDIO."

THIS beautiful engraving is from a recent picture by M. DUEZ, a French artist of some celebrity. The picture illustrates a pleasant incident in the occupation of a painter. He and his model may be supposed to have been hard at work for some considerable time, he actively, she passively engaged, on the picture which may be seen in the background. Now they have temporarily paused from their labors, and are taking breakfast, or perhaps we should say *déjeuner*, as it appears to be a rather substantial meal, with accompaniments of wine and fruit. The lady, who wears the (to our eyes) ungraceful dress of 1820, the high-waisted gown, and gigantic bonnet, is engaged with a cup of coffee, while the artist hospitably invites her attention to his claret.



"BREAKFAST IN THE STUDIO."—[FROM THE PICTURE BY M. DUEZ.]

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

THE Lübeck *Gazette* publishes the following letter from Count von Moltke, which appears to have been addressed to some enterprising German publisher. The letter is dated Kreisau, October 15, 1872:

"To your letter of the 11th inst. I reply that it will not be possible to gain from my youth an interesting account for the public. I am the third of seven sons of my father, the Danish Lieutenant-General Von Moltke. My mother was Henrietta Paschen, daughter of the Councilor of Finance Paschen, of Hamburg. After his marriage my father purchased property—first in the Preignitz, and afterward in Mecklenburg. I was born on the 28th of October, 1800, in the town of Parhim, where my parents were on a visit with my uncle Helmuth von Moltke, who, in 1812, marched with the Mecklenburg battalion to Russia, and perished there. I received the name Helmuth Karl Bernhardt. I went with my parents to Lübeck, where in 1806 our house was sacked by the French. My earliest remembrances relate to Lübeck, and its old gates and towers, and I have, after long years, immediately recognized our old house at the Schrangen, notwithstanding the changed neighborhood. In the mean time my father had bought the property of Augustenhof in Holstein. A year after, it was burned down, with the whole of the harvest. Soon after, my grandfather, who disposed of a large fortune, died. His will contained numerous and large legacies. He had not considered the very numerous losses which the war had caused to him. My mother, as universal legatee, had to bear them, and therefore the inheritance was reduced almost to nothing. The property had to be sold. In the mean time I had been sent, with my elder brother, to the Land Cadets' Academy in Copenhagen. As alumni we passed there a joyless youth. At the age of eighteen I became an officer. The small 'outlooks' (to use Mr. Carlyle's favorite term for the German *Aussichten)* which the Danish military service offered made me desirous to enter into the Prussian army, where my father and several of his brothers had also served. With good recommendations from the chief of my regiment, the Duke of Holstein, father of the present King of Denmark, I went to Berlin, passed the officers' examination, and was immediately appointed to the Body-Infantry Regiment, No. 8. From thence begins my sufficiently known military career. The writings I have published are the *Russo-Turkish Campaign* and *Letters from Turkey* (the campaigns in Italy, Denmark, and Austria are not by me, but by the Historical Department of the General Staff). By me are also maps of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, and the environs of Rome, and also the essential part of Kipert's map of Asia Minor."

PHILOSOPHY OF DISCONTENT.

Is there any one so akin to the dull and barren fallow that he has never felt the warm breath of desire fanning his sluggish spirit—a desire for something better and higher than his daily life affords? It may be that these longings are but transient gleams that come and go, masquerading, in a fret, a grumble, or a frown, and so discountenanced at their first appearing. For few can rightly estimate the uses of discontent, which, like the pains of growth, are often the surest indication of expanding life. This spiritual hunger of the soul finds little favor, for the cursory observer sees nothing in it but a source of weakness, meet it when he will—a kind of moral blight, which neutralizes the joy we might have in the present, and depreciates the good still in our possession. Have we not all experienced its spoiling influences a thousand times in our pleasures, when some discontented companion takes off the edge of our enjoyment by his regrets for what can not be had, and his groundless expectations of what can not be realized? Or, worse still, if in our undertakings we light upon a discontented coadjutor, who never fails to tinge our very successes with the shadowy hues of disappointment, and however real his help, how heavily the work will drag unless some spell can be discovered to banish the chronic frown. Thus experience itself goes far to confirm the world's verdict, and denounces this hunger of the soul as a potent destroyer of our happiness, a noxious weed to be uprooted, whether we find it in ourselves or others. But this is only true when that which is needful as a stage is crystallized into a state, when the distaste for the present, which should serve but as a prelude to some period of transition and advancement, settles down into an abiding condition. If, on the contrary, we can look beneath the fretfulness in which the unsatisfied heart has disguised itself, and give to that vague longing more adequate expression, shaping the young desire and concentrating the wandering dreams, we have quickened into life a power which shall control its destiny and point its course; we have placed before it the magnetic needle; from the weakness of discontent we have evolved the strength of aspiration.

> "As exhalations when they burst
> From the warm earth, if chilled at first,
> If checked in rising from the plain,
> Darken to fogs and sink again;
> But if they once in triumph spread
> Their wings above the mountain-head,
> Become enthroned in upper air,
> And turn to sun-bright glories there."

For when desire is trailing on the ground the whole nature languishes; we were born to look upward and onward. Were aspiration crushed within us, we should remain as sterile as the clods of the valley, shut away from the heavenly influences of the morning dew and the midday sunshine. Alas for the harvest hour! it must come unblessed to the toil-worn laborer. While discontent may herald in despair, desire allied with hope can lift the curse itself from labor's brow. But let us not fashion our ideal from the dust and clay, or deify the earth-worm and the mole. No man can rise above that which in his secret thought he fain would be. No mistake is so fatal as that nobler occupations can ennoble us; no aping of humility more odious than that spurious contentment which pursues its way with ever-lowering aim. When we hold the bow, let us not stay our hand at the third arrow; for there is an underlying truth in the angry words of the dying Elisha. Not only will God regard the measure of our desert, but the measure also of our desire.

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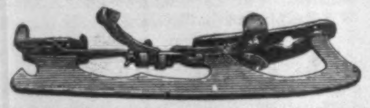

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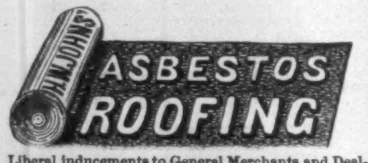

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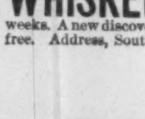

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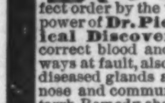

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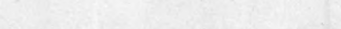
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The January Number of Harper's Magazine could not easily be surpassed in the variety of its reading-matter or wealth of pictorial illustrations. Half of its contents are illustrated, there being Sixty-nine Engravings. Its illustrated articles treat of the Island of Martinique—the birth-place of the Empress Josephine and of Sultana Validi; of the remarkable financial career of the Rothschilds; and of Washington News-gatherers (from the pen of a veteran correspondent). Besides these, there is another installment of M. D. Conway's "South-Coast Saunterings in England," with nine Engravings, and two Illustrated Poems—"Dies Natalis Christi," a Christmas Ode, by R. H. Stoddard, and "Vagrant Pansies," embodying a quaint and beautiful conceit, by Nelly M. Hutchinson.

One of the most attractive features of this Number is the first installment of "My Mother and I: A Love-Story for Girls," by Miss Mulock, beautifully illustrated. Professor De Mille's serial story, "The Living Link," is continued; and there are also two excellent short stories—"A Little Sensation Drama," by Justin M'Carthy, and "The Sleep-Walker," a tale of rare humor and thrilling interest, by S. B. Keach.

Alfred H. Louis recalls a legend in Goethe's *Faust* in a beautiful poem, entitled "The Gift of the Gold Cup."

Anna C. Brackett is the author of a fresh and healthful poem, "The Alpine Maiden;" and Bayard Taylor contributes another of his "Improvisations."

The most important of the miscellaneous articles in this number is "The New South," by Edwin de Leon. This is the first of a series of papers on the subject—the result of recent and thorough investigation into the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial progress of the South since the War.

George M. Towle contributes a very entertaining and timely paper on "Ashantee and the Ashantees."

The "Easy Chair" discusses the Opera, Secret Societies, and *apropos* of the recent death of Lewis Gaylord Clark, the progress which has been made in magazine literature since the days of the old *Knickerbocker.* The other editorial departments are instructive and entertaining as usual.

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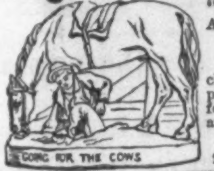

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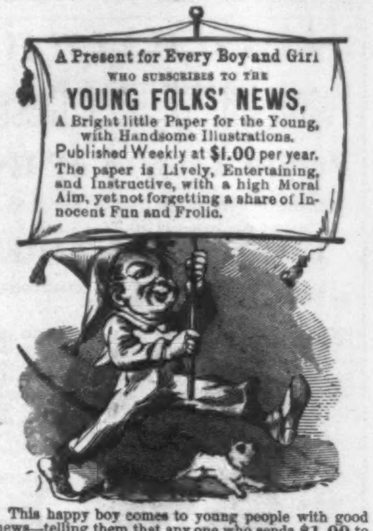

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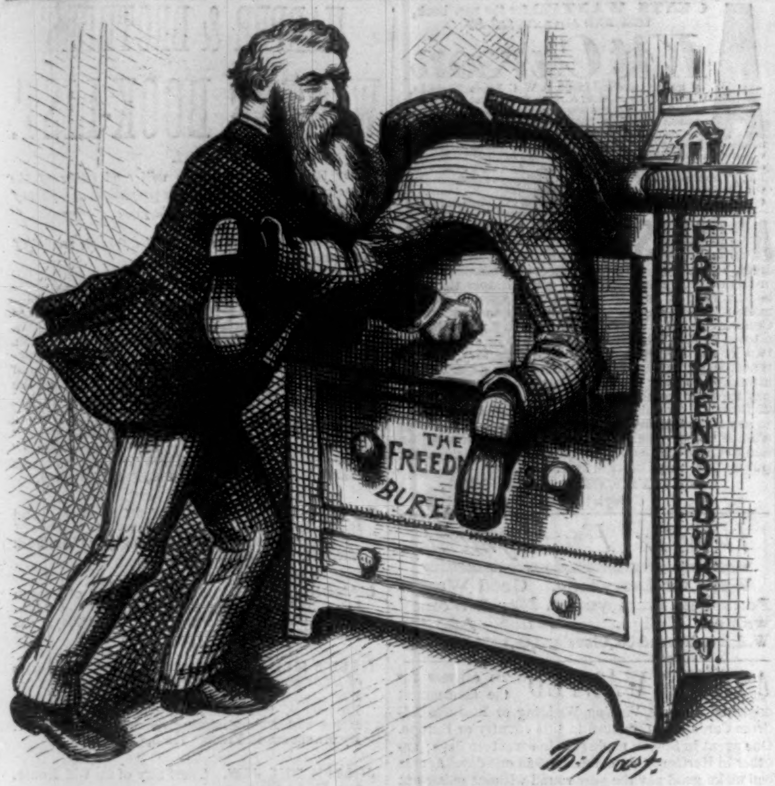

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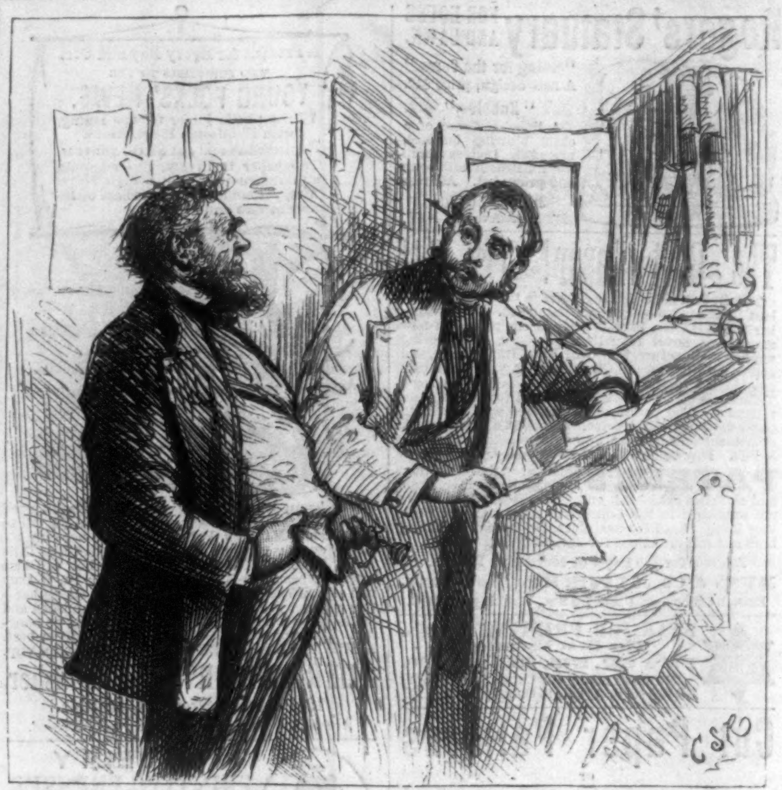

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[CONTINUED FROM No. 888, PAGE 18.]

GOLDEN GRAIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "GRIF," "LONDON'S HEART," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

XV.

FAIRHAVEN.

THE perusal of this remarkable document affected me beyond power of description. My mother's letter to Mr. Fairhaven brought her dear figure vividly to my mind's eye, and I sobbed from happiness. It was love that had accomplished this wonderful thing—love, which death can not destroy.

I read the latter portion of the document again and again, until I could almost repeat the words from memory. "Good-morning, Andrew!" were Mr. Fairhaven's last words to me. Ah, yes! In the night of his life the morning had dawned sweetly and holily. I blessed him for his noble revenge. I prayed for strength, for wisdom, to worthily fulfill the solemn trust reposed in me.

But in what way to apply it, so that unalloyed good might spring from its use? My heart cried out, "Teach me! Show me the way!" An answer came. Side by side I saw the figures of Ruth and Blade-o'-Grass. "Look here, and here," a voice seemed to say to me. "See this one trodden into the mire. See this one tended, cared for, raised to purity and usefulness." I trembled with mingled fear and happiness. A great thought loomed upon my mind, like a sunrise to my soul.

I placed my hand upon my heart to still its beating. I was alone, and I yearned for the presence of friends in whom I could confide. Should I go to those who were dearest to me—to Rachel and to Mrs. Silver, and tell them this wonderful news? I started to my feet with the intention of proceeding at once to Buttercup Square. I placed the precious document in my breast pocket, and I buttoned my coat tightly and securely. But what, after all, if it should prove a mockery? No, I would wait until I had assured myself. I knew what hopes would be raised in their breasts, and I would spare them a possible disappointment.

If it were not mockery—if it were true, clear, incontestable—this immense fortune was at my disposal to do as I pleased with. Not to spend upon myself: to spend upon others; to sow and reap the crop. Golden Grain!

But before it grew to fullness and ripeness, before it waved in perfect comeliness in the eyes of God and man, to watch the tender green leaves springing from the beneficent earth, smiling in the face of the bright sun, with nature's health-giving tears glistening upon them—to watch them gather sufficient strength to resist the attacks of wind and storm and adverse circumstances, each Blade of Grass a thing of beauty— Ah, Golden Grain! Golden Grain indeed!

I could not sleep on that night. I rose many times, and paced the room, praying for sunrise. And then, when the business of the day had fairly commenced, I was in the office of Mr. Fairhaven's lawyers. The principal member of the firm received me. He eyed me with curiosity through his golden spectacles.

"I expected you would call," he observed, as he motioned me to a seat.

"Are you acquainted," I asked, "with the contents of the packet you sent to me yesterday?"

He answered me like a lawyer.

"It came to me sealed; my instructions were to forward it."

I placed it in his hands, and he read it, slowly and attentively.

"I was in doubt," he said, as he handed it back to me, "whether you were a relative of the late Mr. Fairhaven."

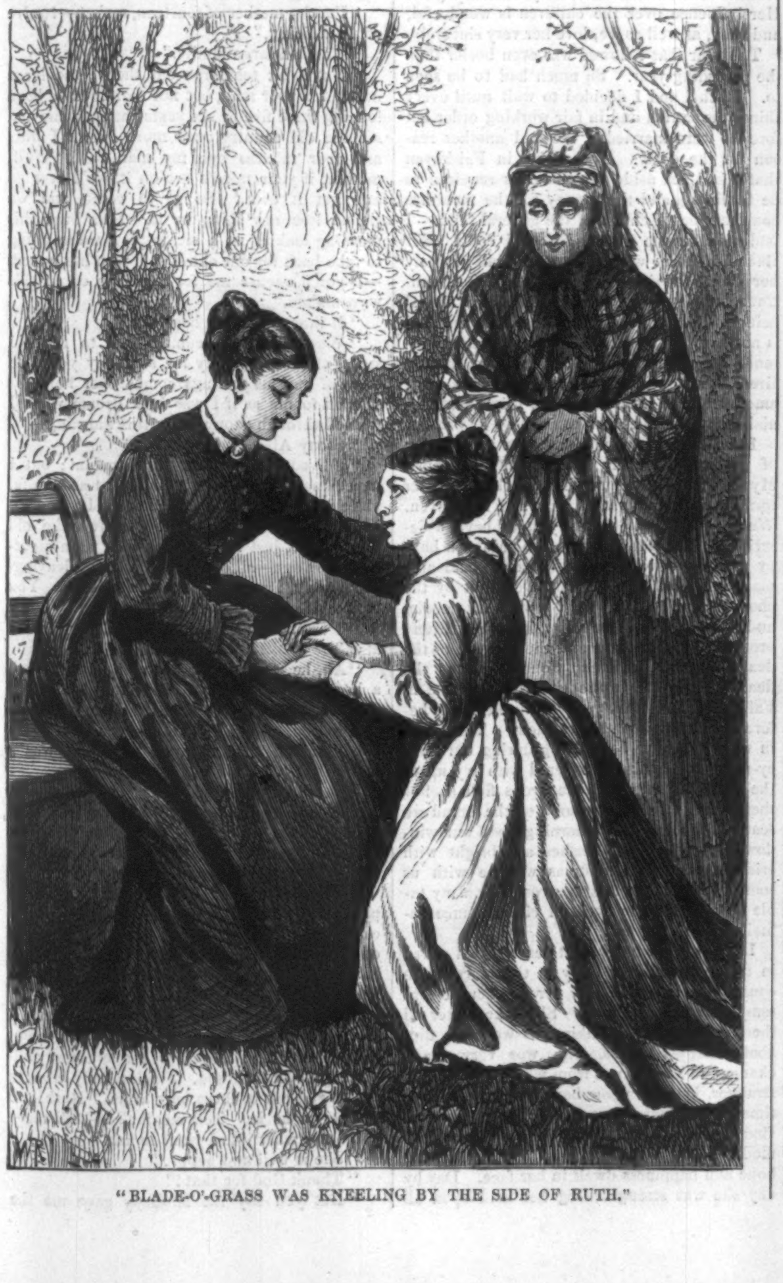
"You see that I am not."

"I see. It is all the more remarkable because of that."

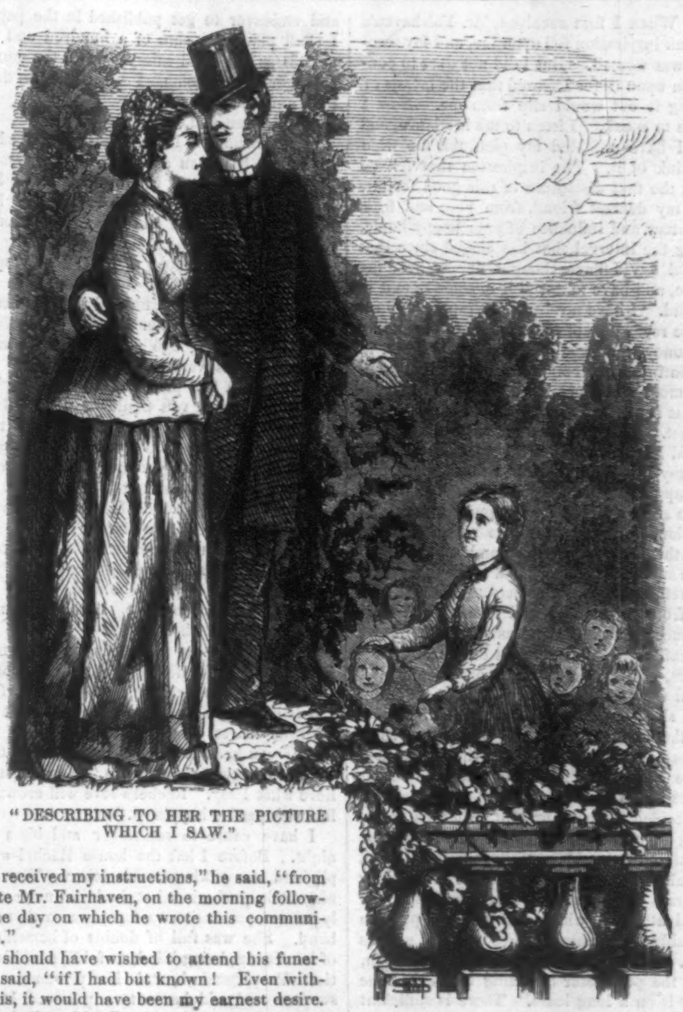
"The will—" I said, and paused. He took up my words.

"Is in exact accordance with the terms of the letter."

He opened his safe, and produced the will. He referred to the date of the letter.



"BLADE-O'-GRASS WAS KNEELING BY THE SIDE OF RUTH."



"DESCRIBING TO HER THE PICTURE WHICH I SAW."

"I received my instructions," he said, "from the late Mr. Fairhaven, on the morning following the day on which he wrote this communication."

"I should have wished to attend his funeral," I said, "if I had but known! Even without this, it would have been my earnest desire. I owe much to him."

"I received no instructions," was the reply, "that I have not complied with."

"You saw my dear friend before his death?"

"Frequently. Two days before his death, indeed. You are aware that he died rather suddenly."

"I was not aware. I am glad to know that he did not suffer long."

"Up to the last his intellect was remarkably clear." He said this with a half smile.

"You put stress upon that," I observed.

"Undoubtedly, my dear Sir. It is an important point."

"In what way?"

He gave me an odd look, and said,

"The late Mr. Fairhaven must have relations. The will he has made is undoubtedly an eccentric one. Has it occurred to you that its validity may be disputed?"

"No."

"It will be," he said, dryly; "and that is the reason why it is important to be able to prove that his intellect was clear to the last. You need have no fear, Mr. Meadow. The will can not be shaken."

I thanked him for the assurance, and asked him if he was acquainted with the extent of the property.

"It will probably realize," he answered, "not less—yes, I should certainly say not less—than two hundred and thirty thousand pounds."

"A vast fortune, indeed," I said, with a beating heart at this confirmation of my hopes.

"And made out of nothing," he added. "He commenced life as a poor clerk. I have heard it said of him that whatever he touched turned to gold."

I left to the lawyer the management of every thing connected with Mr. Fairhaven's will. As he had predicted, it was disputed, on the ground of the testator's incapacity. But it was proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Mr. Fairhaven was in the full possession of his reasoning faculties not only at the time he made his will, but up to the very day of his death. The validity of the will was unhesitatingly upheld by the judges, and the property came into my possession. Nevertheless the case was not finally settled until after the lapse of many months, and during this time the newspapers were busy upon Mr. Fairhaven's eccentricity. "It remains to be seen," said an influential paper, in a leading article, "and it is a matter of much curiosity, how the legatee will administer his trust." I was not sorry for the publicity given to the affair; I had no intention of working in the dark, and I had hopes that additional good might spring from it. I found myself quite a public character, and I was inundated with applications and with letters of advice. But my resolution was already formed.

I did not disclose this resolution to the Silvers while the matter was in the law courts. So great was my anxiety that I feared, even up to the last moment, that some chance or quibble of the law would deprive me of the means for carrying it out; and the Silvers saw and respected my wish not to speak of the manner in which the money should be expended. Not until every thing was settled, not until the property was declared to be mine incontestably, not until it was realized, and the money invested in the Funds, did I consider myself free to open my mind to my dear friends. I had my last interview with the lawyer; he had acted throughout in the most straightforward manner, and I thanked him sincerely.

"And yet," he remarked, "you said once to Mr. Fairhaven that, if there were in the world one lawyer where now there are a hundred, the world would be the better for it."

"I think so still," I replied.

"Strange," he said, with a touch of pleasant satire, "that the world has never been able to get along without us."

"Never!" I exclaimed. "Nay, you must be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken. I can go as far back as the days of Abraham for proof. Did not that patriarch buy 'the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about?' The very words we read in Genesis. Do you mean to tell me that any one but a lawyer could have written such a description? We have our uses, my dear Sir."

I smiled. I was too happy to argue with him, and we parted the best of friends. In the evening I found myself, as I had designed, in Buttercup Square. I knocked at Mrs. Silver's door, and she herself opened it. Only Rachel and she were at home. Her husband and Mary, she told me, were spending the evening with Ruth. So we three were alone.

"Why did not you go to Ruth's?" I asked.

"I expected you, Mr. Meadow," Mrs. Silver answered, "and I was anxious to know."

I had kept her fully acquainted with the progress of affairs, and she knew that I expected to have my final interview with the lawyer on this day.

"All is settled," I said. "What do you see in my face?"

"Happiness."

"It is in my heart. This is a supreme moment in my life. I feel that I am about to commence a great work." Mrs. Silver did not reply, but looked earnestly at me. I noticed also that Rachel suspended her sewing. "The vast fortune that Mr. Fairhaven left has been safely invested in Consols. What income, do you think, is derivable from the money?"

"I am afraid to guess," replied Mrs. Silver.

"What would you say to nearly nine thousand pounds a year?"

"As much as that?" asked Mrs. Silver, with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Quite as much. What is to be done with this great sum, of which I am the steward?"

"It is a grave question," she said; "one not easily answered."

"Still I have not found it difficult to decide. When I first received Mr. Fairhaven's letter, an inspiration fell upon me, and my resolution was formed. But I did not dare to consult you upon it, for I feared that the means of carrying it out would slip from me. Now I am free to speak. Listen to me in silence, and when I have unfolded my plan, tell me what you think of it. The inspiration that fell on me on the first disclosure of this good fortune came, my dearest friend, from you, and from the history and influence of your happy home. During the interval that has passed since that eventful day I have thought deeply over my scheme, and have matured it to some extent in my mind. I have not been so wrapped up in it as to be regardless of other modes of expending the money in a good and useful way; but, in the continual contemplation of it, I have become more and more strengthened in my belief that my first thoughts are the happiest and the best. I know the solemnity of the trust reposed in me, and from this moment I consecrate my life to it, convinced that I shall find true happiness in it. I propose to establish on a large scale a Home for the poorest orphaned and friendless children, whom we shall adopt while they are very young, and educate and rear in such a manner as shall make them good and useful members of society. We will take them from the gutters, and rescue them from ignorance and crime; and as they grow up we will draft them into the ranks of honest bread-winners, either in this or in other countries, and fill their places with other poor children. There shall be no distinctive mark of charity upon them; they shall be so brought up as to be proud of the Home in which they are armed for the battle of life. There are numerous matters of detail which need not be discussed and decided upon at present; such as establishing schools of trade in our Home, so that the children may be usefully employed until they take their places in the ranks of out-door workers. I have seen a large building, with ground attached, which will suit our purpose admirably; the rental is three hundred pounds a year. It requires a great deal of alteration, which the proprietor is willing to make if he can let it on a long lease. There is sufficient available land round the building for play-grounds and gardens. The children themselves shall learn to be the gardeners. This, in brief, is my scheme, of which I ask your approval. I see many beautiful pictures in the future in connection with it, the contemplation of which makes me supremely happy. I see men and women in whom have been implanted the seeds of cleanliness, industry, virtue, and religion, living their useful lives, and some among them rising even to eminence in this and other lands—men and women who, without this Home, would be lurking about in rags and want, and filling the public-houses and prisons. I see them marrying, and bringing up *their* children in the right path, and holding out a helping hand to others. I see the means for enlarging our Home coming from some of the prosperous ones, out of the gratitude of their hearts. And when the time comes for me to render an account of my stewardship, I trust I shall have earned the approval of Him from whom all blessings are derived. Tell me, dear friend, do you think my scheme a good one?"

Mrs. Silver took my hand in hers and retained it. She was too agitated to speak, but I saw perfect approval in her sweet face, and in the sweet face of Rachel. I continued:

"In his first proposition to me to make me his heir, Mr. Fairhaven expressed a wish that I should take his name after his death, and spend his money in such a manner as to make the name a great one in society. I will make his name greater than he could have anticipated. I shall call our Home, Fairhaven; and thus his goodness will be perpetuated. I look to you, dear madam, to assist me in my scheme, and I ask you to enlist under my banner, as I once enlisted under yours."

She gave me the assurance of her fullest help, and said she had never hoped such happiness would be hers as to assist in the development of a scheme which she described as noble and good.

"And now," I said, in tones which trembled with emotion, for I was approaching a subject very dear to my heart, "if I might be permitted to say a few words privately to you—"

Rachel rose and left the room. I followed her form with wistful eyes, and when I turned to Mrs. Silver I saw that good woman regarding me more attentively than she had hitherto done. I paused for a while before I resumed.

"I am about to speak of a selfish subject—myself. In Mr. Fairhaven's letter to me, he states that every laborer is worthy of his hire, and that, if the administration of the trust he has reposed in me occupies the chief portion of my time, I am warranted in drawing from the Funds an annual salary of one hundred and fifty pounds. As I shall make my home at Fairhaven, and shall devote all my time to the furtherance of my scheme, I believe I am fairly entitled to that sum. If I were possessed of private means, I would not accept one shilling of the money for my own use; I would cheerfully give my labors without fee and without reward. But it is otherwise with me, and in the annual statement which I shall draw up and endeavor to get published in the papers, I shall place the sum of a hundred and fifty pounds as the fixed salary paid to the general manager of the Home. I *am* justified in doing that, am I not?"

"Quite justified."

"The income I have hitherto received for my labors has been sufficient for my personal needs, but not more than sufficient. I have felt this sorely, for with those means I have not dared to indulge in the contemplation of the dearest wish and hope of my heart. But now all is clear before me, and I may speak without hesitation."

My agitation communicated itself to her; I saw the signs of it in her face.

"Not very long ago you said something to me which was very sweet to my ear. You said that, if it had pleased God to give you a son of your own, you would have wished him to resemble me. I have thought of these words very often. Have you sufficient confidence in me to give into my care one whom I love with all the strength of my heart and soul? Will you give me Rachel for my wife? Will you let me call you Mother?"

I leaned toward her eagerly; she looked at me with solemn affection.

"I *am* proud of you," she said, "and I love you as if you were my own. But have you well considered? Rachel is blind—"

"Not to me—not to me, mother! To make her my wife is the dearest hope of my heart."

"If I seem to hesitate," she said, tearfully, "it is because I love you. I would trust you with the dearest treasure I have."

"If you hesitate," I replied, "I shall think that you begin to doubt me. You must believe what I say. Rachel's love will crown my life with perfect happiness."

I have cause to remember and bless that night. Before I left the house Rachel and I plighted our troth to each other. The dear girl, while confessing that she loved me, actually needed persuasion to accept me as her husband. She was full of doubts of herself, and of her fitness, being blind, to fulfill a wife's duties. Pure, gentle heart! Her presence would sweeten and add lustre to a palace. It was decided that we should not be married until Fairhaven was fairly established, and this I knew would occupy some considerable time.

So now, with every thing fair before me, I set to work upon my scheme. The house and grounds I had mentioned to Mrs. Silver as being suitable for the Home I took on a long lease, in which a purchasing clause was inserted. The necessary alterations were carefully discussed, and were commenced as soon as possible. As I had resolved, I made my scheme public, through the medium of the newspapers, the writers in which gave me the most generous assistance and encouragement. To my surprise, not one thought my idea quixotic; and before Fairhaven was ready to receive inmates, its name became famous not only in this, but in other countries. Every hour of my time was occupied, and I think I may fairly say I earned my wages. It would occupy too much space here to narrate the details of my work; they were numerous and onerous—more so than I had contemplated; but I did not shrink from them, and the assistance I received from the Silvers was of incalculable value to me. Letters poured in upon me, and among them were some addressed to the Master of Fairhaven. It pleased my friends to adopt this title for me, and I accepted it with pride and pleasure.

One of the most gratifying features of the movement was that many of the letters contained subscriptions in money in aid of the Home. These subscriptions it was necessary to acknowledge, and I thought it would be a good thing to acknowledge them in the newspapers. I did so; and the result was astonishing. Stimulated by the example, money was sent to me from all quarters and from all kinds of people, even from the poorest. Before many weeks had elapsed I found that the work of answering these letters was too much for me.

"You want a secretary," said Mrs. Silver.

"I have been thinking of it," I said; "and I have thought of offering the situation to some one whom you know."

"To whom?"

"To Mary. The work will be no harder for her than that which she already accomplishes in the telegraph office."

Mrs. Silver was delighted with the suggestion, and Mary was offered and accepted the situation. Thus the work went on harmoniously, and a fortnight before Christmas the Home was in a sufficiently forward state to commence operations. I had schemed that the inauguration should take place on Christmas-day, and I proposed that all my friends—the Silvers and their children, Mr. Merrywhistle, Jimmy Virtue, Robert Truefit and his family, and Blade-o'-Grass—should spend the day at Fairhaven. It was thus arranged, and this Christmas two years Fairhaven received more than sixty poor orphaned children, and the good work was actually commenced.

I must mention here that Blade-o'-Grass had lived with Mrs. Silver from the time of Tom Beadle's departure; and on this, our inauguration-day, I found her assistance with the children peculiarly valuable.

"This is the anniversary of your wedding-day, my dear," I said to Blade-o'-Grass.

"Yes, Sir," she answered; "there are only four years now to wait. Did you know I had a letter last night from Tom?"

"No, my dear."

She gave me the letter, and I found that it was written—very badly, of course—by Tom Beadle himself. He was learning to read as well, he said in the letter; Richard was his tutor.

"You are getting along also, my dear, with your reading and writing."

"Yes, Sir. It's a good letter, isn't it?"

It was a good letter. Every thing was turning out as I had hoped. The different life which Tom was leading was having its effect upon him, and he was beginning to look forward. From Richard's letters to me I knew that he had had some trouble with Tom at first; Tom had not taken too kindly to the restrictions of his time which regular labor imposes; but this feeling—the natural result of the vagrant life he had hitherto led—was passing away, and Tom's mind was nearly settled. In his letter, which I held in my mind, there was a message of good-will to all who had been kind to Blade-o'-Grass.

"Now, my dear," I said, as I returned the letter, "I have a proposition to make to you. You have four years to wait before you wish us good-by, and sail for your new home in another land. What do you say to living at Fairhaven until that day comes? You shall be one of my matrons—I want those about me whom I can depend upon—and I can afford to pay you twenty pounds a year for your services. You will have a little purse to give Tom when you see him, and that will be an agreeable surprise to him. What do you say to my proposition?"

She could not answer me immediately; but when she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she told me that she had yearned to be allowed to stop at Fairhaven, but that she should not have been able to muster courage to ask me—not deeming herself capable enough or good enough. She accepted the offer gratefully, but begged me not to pay her money.

"Let me work for you for love, Sir!" she pleaded.

"No, my dear," I said, firmly, "not entirely for love. Why, *I* take money for my services, and so shall you! It is just and right."

From that time until this Blade-o'-Grass has not spent a day away from Fairhaven, and she is the most valuable assistant I have in the Home. I shall miss her sorely when she goes. Her influence over the children is wonderful, and they, as well as we, love her very sincerely.

The year that followed was even busier than the preceding year. So much had to be seen to. Rachel and I decided to wait until every thing was settled and in fair working order before we were married. We had another reason for the delay. The rooms in Fairhaven that I had set aside for ourselves required to be furnished, and the money for the furniture could not be taken out of the general fund. I had to earn the money before I could offer Rachel a home which she could call properly her own. During the year subscriptions continued to flow in upon us, without any appeal being made. The charitable heart of England is not hard to touch. And one day, to my intense delight and joy, a letter came from a Great Lady, containing a check for a large amount. The letter itself is a bright testimonial in favor of the good work.

I could tarry with pleasure over this portion of my story, but my time is drawing short. My holiday is nearly at an end—the day after to-morrow my wife and I return to Fairhaven. We have enjoyed our honey-moon beyond description, although it is winter. Many a happy walk have we taken in the crisp cold air; many a happy evening have we spent by the cheerful fireside, Rachel busy with her needle, and I reading to her what I have written; breaking off every now and then to talk of the dear house in Buttercup Square and of the dear ones in it; of the children at home in Fairhaven, and of the happy future there is before us, and we hope before them. The house in which we have been living during our honey-moon is completely covered with ivy up to the very chimneys, and the wrens find shelter there, and leave not a crumb of the bread we scatter for them every morning upon our window-sill. The holly bushes are bright with crimson berries; Christmas will be with us soon; a bunch of Christmas roses is on my table now. But one eventful circumstance remains to be narrated.

It was the autumn of last year; I had called in to see Mrs. Silver early in the morning, to consult her on some new arrangement I contemplated for the Home. She asked after all there, and we fell a-talking, as we often did, about Blade-o'-Grass, who was very much changed in appearance from what she was. A stranger, looking upon her now for the first time, would never have guessed what her previous life had been. Her dress was neat and modest; her hair was done up in a simple knot; hope and happiness dwelt in her face. Day by day she was strengthening her hold upon all our hearts; her gentle behavior to the children, her gratitude and her love for all around her, her patience, her cheerful willingness, were very pleasant to behold. Mrs. Silver and I spoke of one fancy which Blade-o'-Grass indulged in. She seemed to have set Ruth before her as a model; and in the matter of dress and the fashion of her hair, she copied Ruth as closely as she could. The subject of her resemblance to Ruth had never been touched upon by any of us since my conversation with Rachel, although I am sure it was in the mind of my friends as it was in my own. But it seemed to be avoided by general and unexpressed consent. I was telling Mrs. Silver that, before I left Fairhaven, Ruth had come with her child to spend the day there with Blade-o'-Grass, when the servant entered to say that a visitor wished to see Mrs. Silver very particularly.

"She says she don't think you know her, ma'am, but that she'll tell you who she is herself."

"Let her come in, Jane."

The visitor proved to be a tidily dressed woman, of about fifty or fifty-five years of age; she looked like a farmer's wife. If I wished to describe her by a word, I should use the word "comfortable." In her dress and general appearance she was eminently a comfortable woman. She looked at Mrs. Silver very earnestly, and took the chair that was offered to her. There was something very homely and genial about her; and although I felt somewhat curious to know her errand, I asked Mrs. Silver if I should retire.

"Not unless this lady wishes it," said Mrs. Silver.

"Love your heart!" was the reply, in a pleasant tone; "I don't wish it if you don't. And I hope you'll forgive the liberty I've took in coming here; but I couldn't rest without seeing you, after coming all these miles."

"You have come a long way, then?" said Mrs. Silver. "You must be tired."

The visitor laughed. "I've come sixteen thousand miles over the water, all the way from Australia, and I'm going back there next month, please God!"

"You are an Englishwoman?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; I was born in London. Me and my husband emigrated eighteen year ago. It was the best day's work we ever done, though I love the old country, ma'am; but we were driven out of it, in a manner of speaking. My husband was a carpenter—he's a builder now, and we've done well, thank God, and our children are in the way of doing well too."

"I am glad to hear it."

"I'm the mother of fourteen, ma'am—twelve of them living."

"That's a large family."

"Not a bit too large out there; too large here for a poor man, but not there. I've been longing these five or six years past to come and see the old country once more before I die; and four months ago, my man said, 'Well, mother, if your mind's set on it, we'd best go and get it over.' So we've come, and we sha'n't lose any thing by it. He's busy this morning looking at a steam-plow we're going to take back for our eldest son, who has a farm—if you'll excuse me for rambling on in this way, ma'am."

"It interests me to hear you."

"When a person comes back to the old spots, after being away for so many years, all sorts of curious feelings comes over her. It seemed to me as if I was in a dream when I walked through Stony Alley this morning—"

"Stony Alley!"

"I lived there a long time, ma'am; but I never knew until this morning what a dreadful place it is. I think I should die if I was compelled to live there again. There's the old shops there, just the same as they were eighteen years ago—all except Mr. Virtue's leaving-shop, which I was told was burned down. You look as if you knew the place, Sir."

"I know it well," I said, "and Mr. Virtue also."

"Ah, he was a queer old man; but he had a heart, though he *was* so grumpy! But I mustn't ramble. I've come to make a confession to you, ma'am, and to ask you after some one I nursed in these arms when she was a baby."

Mrs. Silver turned pale.

"I have nothing to blame myself for, ma'am; what was done was done for the best. Do you remember any thing that occurred last Christmas-eve come twenty-three year ago?"

"Yes, I remember it well, very well," replied Mrs. Silver, in an agitated tone. I have cause to remember it with gratitude. It was on that night, Andrew, that Ruth came to us; it was on that night I visited Stony Alley, the place where this good woman lived."

"You came to the very house in which I lived, ma'am, and you took away—bless your loving heart for it!—one of the sweetest children that ever breathed. The landlady brought her to you out of these very arms. Ruth, you say her name is. Tell me, ma'am—tell me—you know what it is I want to ask."

"She is well and happy."

"Thank God for that!"

"But you say the landlady gave me the

child out of your arms. You are not her mother—"

Mrs. Silver was unable to proceed.

"Love your dear heart, no! The poor child's mother was dead. But the landlady only told you half the truth when she told you that. She said there was only one baby—she didn't tell you that the poor mother was confined with twin girls. On the Christmas-eve that you came to Stony Alley I had them both on my knees—the sweet little things! They hadn't a friend, and we were too poor to take care of them. We had a large family of our own, and our hands were as full as full can be. As I was nursing the dears, the landlady came into the room in a flare of excitement, and said that there was a kind lady down stairs—it was you, ma'am—who wanted to adopt an orphan child, and who would give it a home and bring it up properly. The landlady said that if she had told you there was twins left in that way, she was sure you wouldn't be willing to part them, and that it would be a good thing, at all events, if one of the poor little ones could be taken care of. My husband thought so too; and though it cut me to the heart to part the dears, I felt it was the best thing we could do. We were a long time choosing between them; they were so much alike that we could hardly tell which was which; but one of them had a pretty dimple, and we kept that one, and sent the other down to you. If you remember, ma'am, you left your name and address with the landlady, and I never parted with the piece of paper you wrote it on, for I didn't know what might turn up. That is how I've found you out now."

Mrs. Silver looked at me in distress.

"There is no need for sorrow here," I said. "If what I suspect is true, it is but a confirmation of what has been in my thoughts, and in Rachel's also, for a long time." I turned to our visitor. "I should know your name; Mr. Virtue has told me of you, and of your kindness to these babes. You collected money for them before they were a fortnight old."

"Yes," she assented, with pleasant nods, "and Mr. Virtue himself gave me a penny. My name is Mrs. Manning."

"Tell me. What became of the other child?"

"That's what I want to know. If she is alive now, poor thing! she must be a woman grown; very different ma'am, I'm afraid, from the child that you adopted. But if she wants a friend, I'll be that friend. I'll take her back with me, if she'll come—my man wouldn't mind! She'd have a chance out there; and what's a mouth more or less at a full table, as ours is, thank God! A slice off a cut loaf is never missed."

"You good soul!" I said, pressing her hand. "We want to know all you can tell us about the other child. Do you remember what name she was known by?"

"Ah, that I do, and a curious way it was how she came by that name. You see, ma'am, two or three blades of grass happened to sprout up in our back-yard, and the child took to watching them, and fell quite in love with them, poor little dear! This went on for three or four days, till one morning, when she was sitting by the side of the blades of grass, a lodger, hurrying along, happened to tread them down. The child was in a dreadful way, ma'am, and, as children will do, she hit at the man with her little fist. He pushed her down with his foot, not intending to hurt her, I do believe; and I ran out and blew him up for his unkindness. He laughed, and said it was a fine fuss to kick up about two or three blades of grass, and that it was a good job for the child that she wasn't a blade of grass herself, or she might have been trod down with the others. From that time the child began to be called little Blade-o'-Grass, and that was the only name I ever knew her to have."

"Ruth is at Fairhaven," I said to Mrs. Silver.

"We will go there at once," said Mrs. Silver, rising. "This will be a joyful day for both of them. You will accompany us," to Mrs. Manning. "You would like to see these sisters whom you nursed and were good to in their helplessness?"

"It's what I've been praying for, ma'am. Many and many a time, over the water, has my man and me talked of them, and wondered what has become of them. Fairhaven! It's a pretty name; but are they both there? And what kind of a place is Fairhaven?"

"You shall see for yourself," replied Mrs. Silver, with tearful smiles. "And on the way the Master of Fairhaven shall tell you the story of these sisters' lives."

How the good creature cried and laughed over the story I need not here describe. When I came to the end of the story her delight knew no bounds. She shook hands with me and Mrs. Silver, her honest face beaming with joy, and said, under her breath, "Well, this is the happiest day!"

Blade-o'-Grass and Ruth were in the garden. As we approached them Mrs. Manning raised her hands in astonishment, and, whispering to us that they were as like each other as two peas, asked which was Blade-o'-Grass and which was Ruth. We told her; and, in her motherly, homely fashion, she held out her arms to them. Blade-o'-Grass passed her hands over her eyes and gazed earnestly at Mrs. Manning.

"Do you remember me, my dear?" asked the good woman. "I've come a long way to see you—sixteen thousand miles—to see both of you, my dears! I nursed you both on my knees before you were a week old—"

Her motherly heart overflowed toward the girls, and Mrs. Silver and I stole away and left them together. We did not disturb them for fully half an hour. Then we went softly toward them. Blade-o'-Grass was kneeling by the side of Ruth, looking into her sister's face with a look of unutterable love. Ruth's arm was embracing Blade-o'-Grass, and Mrs. Manning was standing with clasped hands, contemplating the sisters with ineffable gladness.

My story is told.

* * * * * *

I write these last words at Fairhaven. The morning after our arrival home I stood upon the threshold of our little snuggery, which is built on an elevation, with my arm around my wife's waist, describing to her the picture which I saw. It was the play-hour of the day, and the grounds were filled with children, comfortably dressed. We have nearly three hundred children in our Home. Immediately before me, in the centre of a group of young ones, who are clustering round her, was Blade-o'-Grass, strengthened and chastened by the troubles she has experienced, beautified by the better sphere of life which she now occupies. The innate goodness of her nature has made her beloved by all. Of all our sisters she is the dearest.

We are making great preparations for Christmas. May it be as happy a time to you, dear reader, as, in all human probability, it will be to us and to the little ones who are in our charge!

THE END.

LADIES' FEET IN CHINA.

Some writers have ascribed the introduction of the extraordinary Chinese custom of crushing the feet of female children to the Manchu Tartars, but this is a mistake. It undoubtedly existed long before their advent, and, moreover, their women do not distort their feet at all, and wear the same shaped shoes as the men do, the only distinction being that the sole is much thicker. Further, there is a saying that death is the penalty for any small-footed female who is found within the precincts of the imperial palace at Pekin; and this is certainly a tolerably strong proof of the aversion of the Manchus to the practice. It is not at all improbable that this cramping of the women's feet may, in some measure, be due to the same feeling which often makes a Chinaman let his finger-nails grow to a hideous length, his notion being that he thereby shows the world that he is not obliged to earn his living by manual labor; and indeed a small-footed woman can not by any possibility do very much hard work, though some of them do contrive to labor in the fields, etc. It must not be imagined that all Chinese women necessarily have small feet, for large numbers of the poorer classes, who are likely to have to earn their livelihood by heavy work, are brought up with their feet uncramped, and of the natural size, though many poor families prefer to struggle on for a precarious living, bringing up their daughters with small feet rather than allow them to grow as large as they would grow, and oblige them to carry burdens and do heavy work, in order to obtain a more competent support, small feet being an index, not of wealth, but of gentility. Parents whose daughters have small feet are enabled to marry them into more respectable families than if their feet were of the natural size.

The operations necessary for distorting the feet generally commence between the ages of six and nine, and the later it is deferred, the greater is the pain inflicted on the girl. Long strips of native calico are bound round the foot, going from the heel over the instep and toes; they are then passed under the foot and round the heel, and are fixed very firmly. The operation causes much pain, and takes a long time (usually two or three years) before it is perfected, for the only agent employed is the long bandage of cloth; the feet remain extremely tender and useless for all practical purposes till the bones, etc., have become set in the new shape into which they are forced. It is said that after the lapse of a few years, if the operation has been skillful, there is no pain, and the foot becomes in a manner deadened, the effect of the bandaging being to check the circulation of the blood, and to prevent the further growth and development of the foot. A medical observer tells us that "there is a class of women whose vocation it is to bandage the feet of children, and who do their work very neatly; and, from what I have seen, the Chinese women who in childhood have undergone skillful treatment do not suffer much pain beyond the weakness of the foot, from the destruction of the symmetrical arch, and the inconvenience of being unable to walk when the foot is unbound and unsupported. If the feet have been carelessly bound in infancy, the ankle of the woman is generally tender, and much walking will cause the foot to swell and be very painful."

Without going too deeply into surgical minutiæ, the following seems to be the consequence of the compression of the foot: the instep is bent on itself, the heel-bone is thrown out of its horizontal position, and what ought to be the posterior surface is brought to the ground. The ankle is thus forced upward, and the great toe is the only one that remains, the four smaller ones becoming, in course of time, mere useless pieces of skin. The foot, too, becomes narrow, and tapers off to the end of the great toe; it is placed in a short narrow shoe, which is pointed at the toe, and very commonly the heel is elevated by means of a block of wood, the consequence being that the woman seems to be standing, as it were, on tiptoe, or, to be more precise, on the tip of her great toe. The following paragraph will give a fair notion of the effect produced by the force of fashion on the Chinawoman's foot under varying conditions: When the process is begun at the proper age, and the bandaging is properly attended to, the heel sometimes comes down to the ground, or rather to the level of the end of the large toe. The heel seems to elongate under the process of bandaging; but when the foot is large and almost full-grown before the compression of it begins, the heel often can not be brought down to a level with the end of the toe. Under these circumstances, a block of wood is put in the shoe under the heel, so that the bottom of the block and the end of the toe are nearly on the same level when the individual is standing. We would here add that the fashionable shoe which the Chinese lady wears is not much more than three inches long, and that strips of cloth are wound round part of the foot and the lower leg.

Nature has given Chinese women very small hands and feet, but, according to our ideas, the latter are robbed of all their symmetry and beauty by the disfiguring process which we have described. To us it was always quite a piteous sight to see the women in China hobbling along with tottering gait—for they do not exactly limp, as some put it—and with their arms extended, seemingly to balance themselves, one hand often grasping the long bamboo stem of a pipe, which, when viewed from a distance, an uninitiated observer not unnaturally concludes must be a walking-stick. The Chinese, however, apparently admire the helpless gait of the women, for they compare them, when hobbling along, to "the waving of willows agitated by the breeze." We think it a mistake to assert, as some do dogmatically, that Chinese women can not walk far, for they undoubtedly can hobble along for very considerable distances, and do not, as a rule, seem much distressed; they take their time about it, it is true, and do not get over the ground very fast. The misery that is supposed to arise from the practice has been absurdly exaggerated, and, judging from the observations of those well qualified to form an opinion, we are inclined to think that when disease of any kind follows upon the operation, it is mostly due either to unskillful manipulation or some constitutional infirmity. It may be interesting to mention here that actors on the stage, when playing the part of women (for there are no actresses in China), have their feet bandaged to make the spectators believe that they are in the fashion.

The origin of the custom is wrapped in obscurity, and the common people generally appear to have no notion how or when it first arose, and the better-educated classes are, it would seem, almost equally ignorant on the subject, and look upon it rather as a matter beneath their investigation. We believe, however, that it is by no means of so ancient a date as might have been supposed, judging from the great antiquity of most of the social customs of the Chinese. One tradition only refers it so far back as B.C. 1100, when it was said to have been introduced by one Tan Chi, the dissipated wife of a wicked emperor named Chou. She is said to have been born with club-feet, and to have persuaded the emperor to order that all female children should have their feet distorted, so that thus her infirmity would be thought nothing of. Not much reliance is to be placed on this fable, for if there were any truth in it, some allusion would have been made to the practice in the Chinese classics, and we believe we are correct in stating that none is to be found there at all.

Dr. Macgowan, an American gentleman of great experience in Chinese matters, gives a somewhat different account of the origin of the practice, placing it three centuries later. The custom, he says, is of comparatively modern origin, and owes its existence to the whim of Li Yuh, the licentious and unpopular prince of Keang-nan, whose court was in Nankin. He ruled from A.D. 961 to 976, and was subdued and finally poisoned by the founder of the Sung dynasty. It appears that he was amusing himself in his palace, when the thought occurred to him that he might improve the appearance of the foot of one of his favorites. He accordingly bent her foot, so as to raise the instep into an arch, to resemble the new moon. The figure was much admired by the courtiers, who began at once to introduce it into their families. Soon after the province of Keang-nan again became an integral part of the empire, from which point the new practice spread throughout all provinces and all ranks, until it became a national custom. Many lives were sacrificed by suicide; those females whose feet had not been bound were persecuted by their mothers-in-law, and despised by their husbands; so much so that they hung themselves or took poison. About one hundred and fifty years after the origin of the practice we find a poet celebrating the beauties of the "golden lilies;" and from his description it would appear that seven centuries ago they were of the same size as those of the present day. According to the upholders of the development theory, such continued compression for centuries should have occasioned a natural alteration in the structure of the Chinese foot, but nothing of the kind is observed.

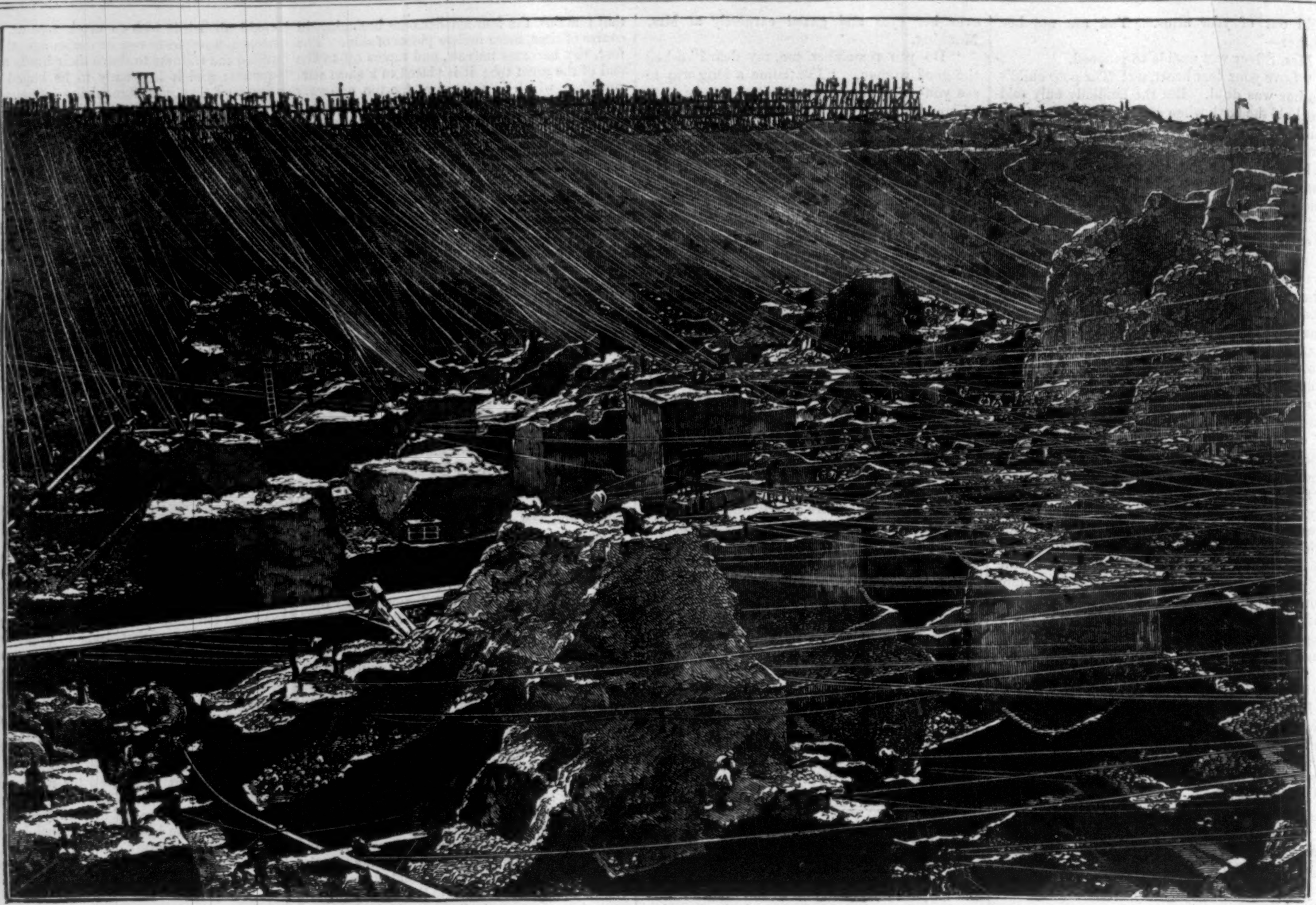
The laws of China say nothing on the subject of the curious custom of which we have treated in the present paper, and though it is one which is deeply rooted, and extremely popular throughout the length and breadth of the empire, there is no doubt that the present (Tartar) dynasty could abolish it with as much ease as, on their accession to power two centuries ago, they compelled the Chinese to shave their heads and wear queues; and it is greatly to be hoped that, in course of time, the humanizing influence of European civilization may lead them to take that step, and thus save millions of innocent children from needless torture and life-long deformity.

TESTS OF GREATNESS.

I remember reading that all great men are great eaters. Does any body believe this? Yet there is a share of sense in it. In human beings who do much work there must be great vital force; the furnace must burn well; and it seems to follow that it must take in plenty of fuel. But, after all, that does *not* follow; for it is conceivable that one furnace might have greater power than another of extracting force from the same amount of fuel. One has seen it contended that the mental power of a woman is equal to a man's, because the woman's intellect has less driving power, and works with less waste. As I sat and heard this from a lady lecturer once, I had in my mind a picture which would not have pleased her much—ladies are so serious. It was a picture of Leech's in *Punch*. The train was on the point of starting; all the passengers but two had taken their places; the wife was beckoning madly from her seat in the carriage; the guards and the husband were frantic; but nothing would induce the tall, stout nurse, baby in arms, to hurry to her place. She *would* give the enraged husband a leisurely explanation of the necessity she had felt under of looking after the plate, etc. It is certainly true that (lovable) women are deficient in "driving force;" and long may they keep so, thought I. However, that is a digression. It has been contended that the difference between genius and ordinary faculty consists in the greater or less power of assimilating certain kinds of nutriment. This looks as if the gulf between producing beef tea and producing an Aristotle could not be very great. (Here the scientific expert turneth up his nose, snorteth, saith, "This sciolist is ill-read; knoweth not of biology; is in the gall of ante-evolutional bitterness and the bond of pre-Darwinian iniquity.) But then every man of genius is not a great man. I have read, again, that every great man is, by the definition, in harmony with the spirit of the age. But *why* is he? And how are we to know the spirit of the age? What sort of a man was Spinoza, and what sort of a spirit of the age was he in harmony with? I could easily—but decline at present for good reasons—make out a very puzzling list for you. And even when you had very plausibly made out your spirit of the age and your harmony of your great man with it, I should say, All this is an *ex post facto* hash of uncertainties. I repeat the question, What *is* the spirit of the age? You may think you have got it; and yet all the while some trifle is happening round the corner which will flood the world with quite another "spirit" before the hands have been round the clock. The stone that the builders rejected—and so forth. But I do not mean to be so serious. I was thinking, when I wrote "round the corner," of Sam Weller and Mary: "Ah, my dear, if you know'd who was here, you'd change your note, as the hawk observed to hisself, vith a cheerful laugh, ven he heerd the nightingale a-singin' round a corner" (I have not read *Pickwick* since the Deluge, and dare say that is wrong). But in one thing I am quite serious—there is always something waiting round a corner with a cheerful laugh; all is influx and efflux; and to say that such a man is great, partly because he is in harmony with the spirit of the age, is only giving one a nut to crack which, ten to one, when cracked, is empty. The first time I ever asked myself what a great man is was, I remember, when I read Channing on Napoleon Bonaparte. He says something like this: "It would be idle to inquire whether he was great or not; the man who, in a few years, has changed the face of Europe has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great." Here, then, was a first glimmer of guidance. We call a man great primarily with reference to the force he shows. But there is necessarily great uncertainty in all such classifications. It is possible, nay, arguable, that Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs" have had as much effect on the world as Napoleon's victories, but I hope no one would call Watts a great man. And I also hope no one will take this playful chatter of mine for more than it is meant for.

A DIAMOND MINE.

The diamond fields of South Africa lie on the banks of the Vaal River, near the northern boundary of the Cape colony. The wealth of this region, like that of the silver mines of the Andes, is said to have been discovered by accident. A negro child in the up-country was seen playing with a very bright, pretty stone, and a trader, not even suspecting its true character, asked leave to show it to some friends in the colony. It was found to be a diamond of considerable value. The news soon spread abroad, and before long men of all nations were flocking to the Vaal River, and Pniel, a village on that stream, soon became a lively, bustling, and important place. But the prosperity of settlements which depend for support on gold or diamond diggings is very precarious; for "rushes," as they are called at the diamond fields, are constantly taking place to fresh spots; and Pniel was in a short time comparatively deserted for the dry diggings situated at some distance to the south of the river, at Colesberg Kopje and Du Toit's Pan. At the latter place the largest diamond discovered in South Africa was unearthed. It

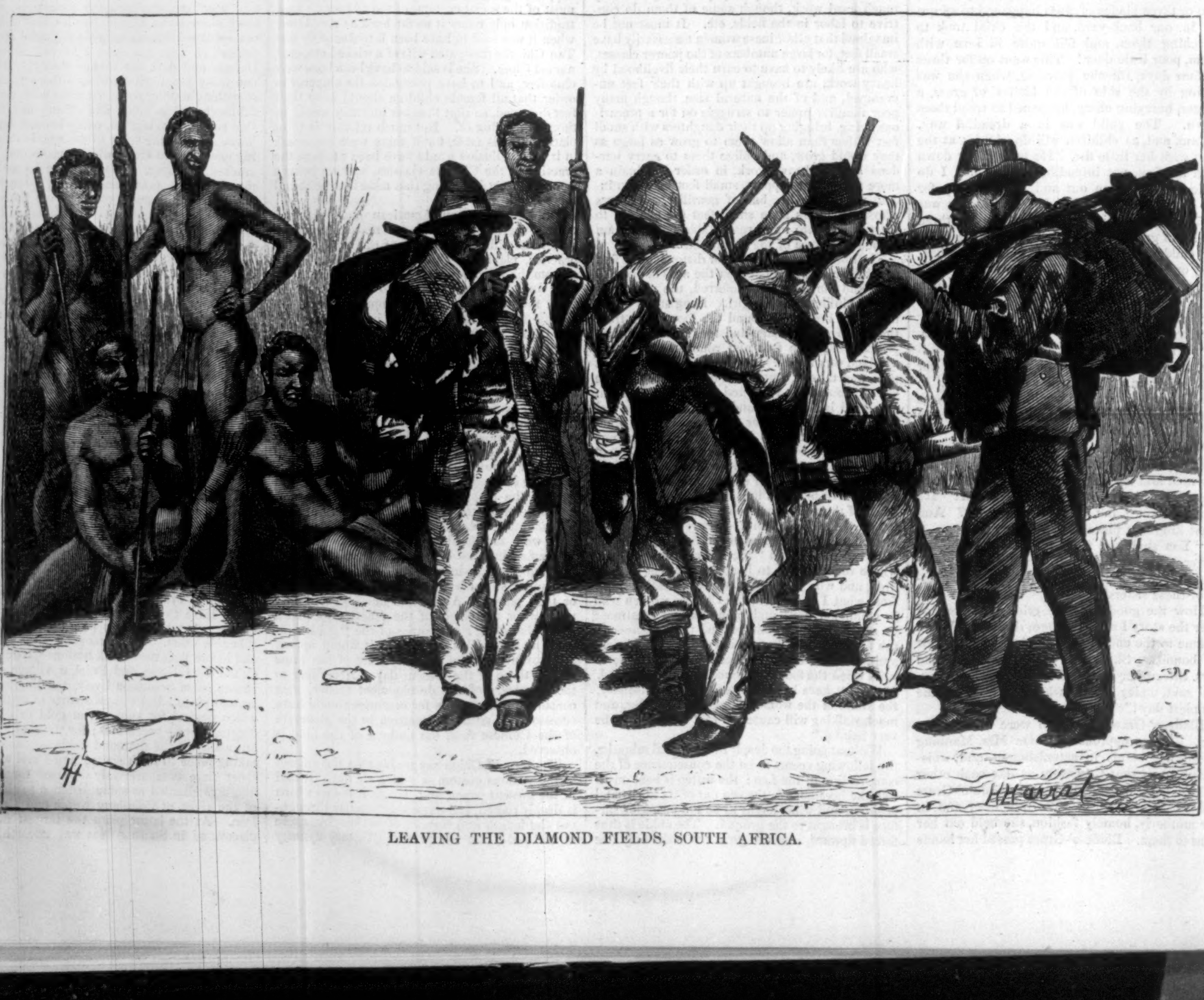


AT WORK IN A DIAMOND MINE, SOUTH AFRICA.

was truly a magnificent gem, full of fire, and perfect in shape, though, like all the large stones (it weighed 154 carats), slightly off color. Du Toit's Pan is a dreary flat region, without a single attraction except its wealth of gems. Colesberg Kopje is even more prolific. It is said to be the richest, as it is probably the smallest and most dangerous, diamond mine in existence. Here it is that the wildest dreams of fortune-hunters have been realized; where sailors, and poor adventurers of all sorts, have acquired large wealth in a few months. In their haste to get rich the miners literally dug themselves graves, forgetting or neglecting the precautions necessary to insure safety. Foreseeing the immense rush to this field, the surveyors made twelve roads through the Kopje, to which each claim-holder gave seven feet and a half of ground, thus allowing for fifteen feet of roadway between the excavations. It was of course designed that these roads should remain untouched; but the reckless miners dug into and under them, until in many instances they began to cave in. Fatal accidents are of almost daily occurrence from this cause.

A diamond mine, when all are at work, is a wonderful spectacle. It has been compared to a hive of bees swarming over the comb, while the noise of countless iron buckets banging against the walls of the claims as they go up and down, the creaking of blocks and pulleys, the rumble of wheels, and the shouts and cries of men make an uproar like that of Babel. Much of the hard work is performed by negroes. The workings at the Colesberg Kopje are of immense size, the excavations being from 250 to 300 yards long, 45 feet wide, while their depth varies from 25 to 100 feet. All the diamondiferous soil from the inside claims has to be removed in carts, and generally goes to the owner's tent, where he and his family sift and sort it. The refuse earth is deposited in mounds beyond the Kopje. These have attained a considerable altitude, and from the top one can have a fine survey of the diggings. From careful calculations it has been found that about 4000 diamonds and pieces of diamonds are unearthed at these diggings every day; but, of course, out of such a mass of gems only a few are "pure-water brilliants."

Life at the diamond fields is rude and boisterous, like that of the early days in California and Australia. Drinking and gambling are common vices, and murder is frequent. Of course it is the few that get rich, while the many leave the fields as poor as they came.



LEAVING THE DIAMOND FIELDS, SOUTH AFRICA.

MULLIGAN'S POTEEN.

Ballymaclooney House is perched on a narrow ledge jutting from out the side of one of the steepest, bleakest, and most barren mountains in the western highlands. Its hold upon the rocky shelf appears to be so frail that the traveler, while inwardly conjecturing as to how "the d—l it got there," is impressed with the conviction that, avalanche fashion, it will tumble down upon him as he passes, and involuntarily ducks his head until he has left the source of apprehended danger at a considerable distance. This famished-looking mountain is situated on the high-road leading from the village of Leenan to the town of Westport, and Ballymaclooney commands a view extending almost from Croagh Patrick to that remarkable series of rugged elevations familiar to those who visit Connemara as "The Twelve Pins."

"The Castle," as it is generally termed, was built by Cornelius Blake, a twenty-tumbler, hair-trigger, stone-wall Galway squire, who expended almost his entire resources in its construction, and when remonstrated with upon the inadvisability of sinking his fortune and that of his children in erecting so useless an edifice in so barren a situation, invariably consoled his advisers by asking, "Did you ever see such a view as that, man?"

"The view may be very fine, but—"

"Fine! Show me any spot for seven miles where a process-server could hide himself. By George, Sir, he might as well be trying to serve a writ in the Claddagh, or on the keeper of the Arran light-house. Ballymaclooney is impregnable!"

In course of time Cornelius Blake paid the debt of nature, without, however, discharging his other liabilities, leaving to his son, James Burke Bodkin Joyce Blake, Ballymaclooney House, a cellar well stocked in claret and *poteen*, two thousand acres of bog, and a number of accommodation bills, facetiously termed "straps," across the backs of which the name "James Burke Bodkin Joyce Blake" figured prominently, in a large and sprawling hand, bespeaking unlimited resources in the way of ink, and the presence of the time-honored but latterly much-neglected quill of the goose. To meet these bills was an idea so utterly absurd that Jim Blake absolutely scouted it, and feeling perfectly secure in the impregnability of his stronghold, and in the unswerving fidelity of his retainers, he bade haughty defiance to bailiff and process-server, saw "lashins" of company, and lived like that bird so typical of nourishment laid on at high pressure, viz., a fighting cock.

Now there resided in the city of Dublin "a dirty little spalpeen of an attorney," rejoicing in the name of Binks, who had purchased some of these identical "straps" at rather a high figure—that is to say, at five shillings in the pound—under the impression that Mr. Blake of Ballymaclooney House would, if not actually in a position to take them up, pay such a rate of interest and delicate renewal fines as would in course of time not only refund the outlay, but ultimately return no inconsiderable profit; and he was rather disconcerted upon receiving no reply whatever to several communications of a pressing and latterly of an unmistakably hostile and threatening character. Mr. Binks was not a man to lie under the contumely of having his letters unanswered, especially as the cost of writing them was put down at 6*s*. 8*d*., and the perusal of the reply at 13*s*. 4*d*.; and as the service of a writ upon the sacred person of Mr. James Burke Bodkin Joyce Blake was considered by the class of gentlemen who undertake such responsibilities an extremely Quixotic if not hazardous experiment, Mr. Binks resolved, as the long vacation had set in, to kill two birds with one stone—to do Connemara and "to do" Mr. Blake of Ballymaclooney House at one and the same time.

The legal practitioner forthwith proceeded to carry out his resolution, and one lovely morning in the month of August took his place beside the driver of the "long car" which travels between Westport and Clifden.

"Do you know Ballymaclooney House, my man?" inquired Mr. Binks of the charioteer.

"Is it the castle ye mane?" demanded the driver, in a surly tone.

He had been negotiating with a desirable-looking swell, who was doing Ireland, for the acquisition of the box-seat, since it is from this elevation the country can be seen at best, and a guide-book rendered as uninteresting and as useless as a *Bradshaw*; but the little attorney had been too sharp for him, proclaiming this sacred portion of the vehicle public property, and asserting his legal rights. Young England wouldn't bore itself by disputation, and Mr. Binks remained master of the position.

"I mean Ballymaclooney House."

"Do I know the castle?" persisted the driver.

"Castle or house, it's all the same, I suppose," observed Mr. Binks, snappishly.

The driver leisurely "flicked" the ear of the off leader, turned slowly round, gazed for a moment at the man of law, and coolly remarked,

"Do I know the castle? Do I know me Patther and Avvey?"

In no way disconcerted by this negative style of reply, Mr. Binks proceeded to interrogate.

"I believe Mr. Blake resides at the house?"

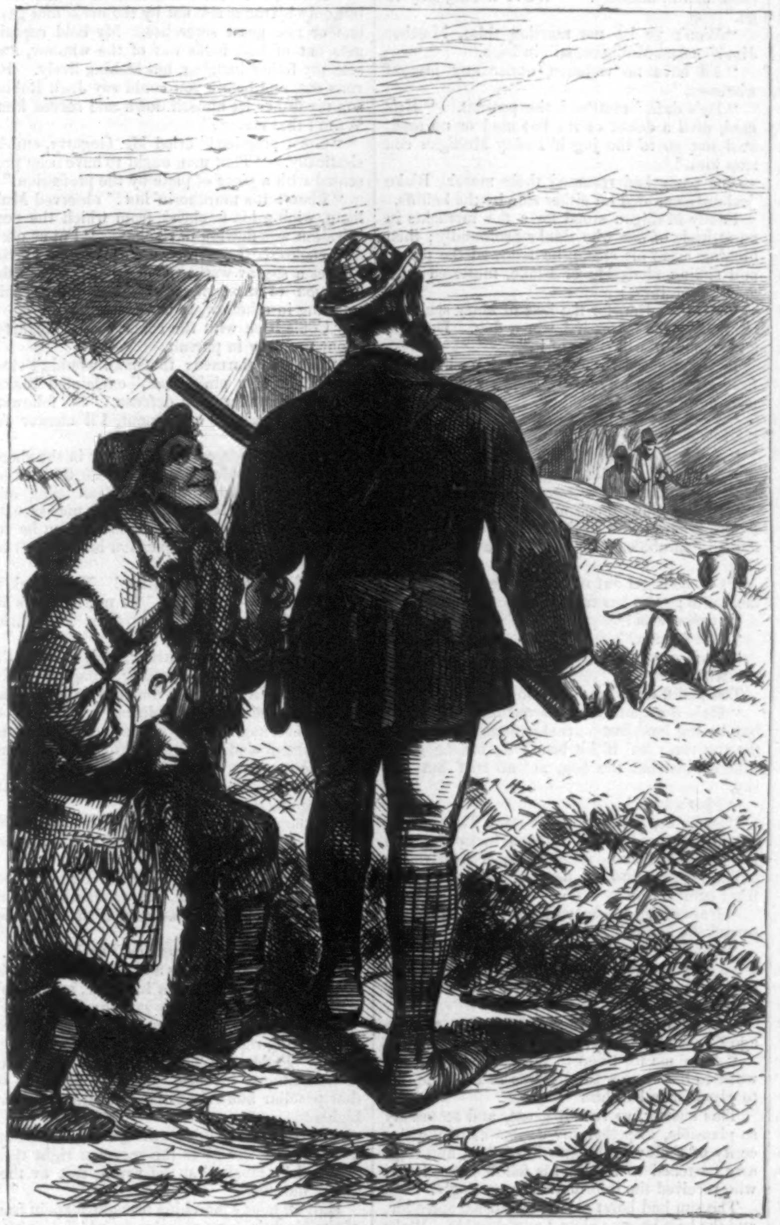
"Castle, ye mane."

"At the castle?"

"He do, an' his father afore him that built it—may he rest in glory, amin!—Gelang to Bagdad wud yer thricks!"

The latter portion of this observation was addressed to a lean quadruped which evinced a lively desire to nibble away a portion of the collar of his yoke-fellow, inasmuch as the aforesaid collar was stuffed with hay, and within easy and tempting reach of his grinders.

"Is he wealthy?" continued Mr. Binks.



"THIM'S STHRANGERS COMIN' UP."

"Wealthy! Begorra, he's richer nor the Law-Life Company, that tuck Ballinahinch from the Martins—may their land turn into wather! Rich!" he continued—"he's as rich as Crayosote!" and evidently well pleased with his classical allusion, he asked the attorney to "hould the reins while he readied his dudheen for a shough."

Mr. Binks was not utterly displeased upon gaining this information. "A straw best shows how the wind blows," he thought; "and this person must have some grounds for the statement."

"I heard he was in debt."

"Av coorse he is, over head an' ears," responded the driver, lighting his short clay pipe, blackened with the constant use of a fierce tobacco and violent friction against all weathers. "Wud ye have him any way else, wud ye? Shure, he's a gintleman, an' good blood always gets credit."

"I believe his father died in debt."

"He had an illigant berrin, anyhow," replied the driver, evading a direct answer. "The finest funeral ye ever seen: the whole counthry was out, an' lashins av atin' and dhrinkin' from the day he tuck the sickness till we sodded him. May he be lyin' on rose laves in heaven this blessed minit!"

"Does the present Mr. Blake go out much?" asked the attorney, approaching more closely to the point.

"Av coorse he do."

"Shoots, fishes, and all that sort of thing?"

"Shoots! Begorra, av ye wor to pass here next Tuesday, ye'd see how he can shoot!"

"Next Tuesday! Why *next* Tuesday?"

"Shure Tuesday 'll be the 20th av August!" exclaimed the driver, with a tinge of irritation in his tone.

Mr. Binks was no sportsman. His little efforts in that line lay in bringing down human game at the commencement of term.

"Why will he shoot on that day more than any other?" he asked.

The driver gazed sternly at him, with a view of ascertaining if he were being what is popularly known as "chaffed;" but perceiving that the query was genuine, he exclaimed, half aloud, in the direction of his horses,

"Well, av all the—" But pulling up in time, "Why, shure Tuesday will be the first day for the grouse-shootin'!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Binks, "does Mr. Blake always come out on that day?"

"Be me sowl I'd like to see the man that would hould him in! He'll be out to hear the cocks crowin' on the hill, an' he'll knock over his twinty brace afore brequest."

Mr. Binks was enraptured. Here was the very knowledge he was so desirous of obtaining falling like a ripe apple into his very lap. Rare luck! Hitherto it was simply impossible to serve James Burke Bodkin Joyce Blake, Esq., with a writ; now it was as easily done as though he was an unsuspecting bank clerk leaving his house at his usual hour for the purpose of proceeding to his office. Mr. Binks rubbed his hands gleefully, chuckled, wriggled, and betrayed his satisfaction in various spasmodic movements; and when Ballymaclooney House came in view so great was his self-congratulation that he nearly tumbled off the box.

"That's the castle," observed the driver, as they passed beneath, with a jerk of his head upward.

"It—it looks as if it was going to fall on us," observed Mr. Binks, in faltering tones.

"Drive a little faster, coachman!" cried a lady from the body of the vehicle.

"Put on more steam, jarvey!" urged a commercial traveler from the other side.

"It's a snug nest," remarked the coachman. "No fear av damp or the lower story bein' undher wather."

"How do you get up to it?"

"Be that *boreen*. Ye see that sthrip av white in the bog beyant?"

"Yes."

"It comminces there."

"Why, that's half a mile off."

"It's betther nor three half miles."

"And is there no other way of getting at the house?"

"Divil a wan, barrin' ye wor a crow."

"Mr. Blake is pretty safe up there," observed the attorney, with a shudder.

"Safe?"

"From, we'll say, arrest, sheriffs' officers, bailiffs."

"There's not a man in Europe that would thry it, barrin' he kem out av Swift's mad-house. Wan process-server went up as bould as a ram. He wor axed in mighty polite and aisy.

"'I've come to say a word to Misther Blake,' sez he.

"'Oh, you'll see him time enough,' sez wan.

"'Won't ye take a tent av somethin' to put betune yer shammy an' the cowld?' sez another.

"'I won't take nothin' till I sarve this,' sez the process-sarver, dhrawin' the process from out av his pocket.

"'What's that?' sez wan.

"'Let's look at it,' sez another.

"'Just lave it alone!' sez the process-sarver, gettin' a little shuk. 'I've the law wud me,' sez he, 'an' I call on yez in the Queen's name to stand be me.'

"'Is it a writ ye have, me man?' axes the butler—wan of the Joyces, wud every muscle in him as bare an' as tight as the lash av this whip.

"'Shure enough,' sez the process-sarver.

"'Boys,' sez the butler, 'don't yez think this gintleman's hair is too lanky an' long, an' that it wants curlin'?'

"'Worse nor Father Daly's "last mass" wig,' sez the boys.

"'Well, boys, as yez are all convaynient, we'll curl it for him, an' this writ here 'll do for curlin' paper.'

"The process-sarver roared 'Murther!' but it was done afore ye could say 'spavin.'"

Mr. Binks listened to this narrative with profound attention, but, with that mistrust which is part of the training of his profession, allowed seventy-five per cent. for invention, and divided the balance by ten for cost of improbability. He blessed the particular star whose influence placed him beside the driver of the long car, and actually tipped him, upon arrival at Clifden, to the extent of half a crown.

"May I niver see the Twelve Pins," muttered the astonished charioteer, "av I thought there wor as much as wan farden so contagious to me!"

Mr. Binks posted special from Clifden to Galway, caught the mail-train to Dublin, had a satisfactory interview with the representative of the sheriff for the county Mayo, who undertook to forward the writ of *ca. ça.* without loss of time, and as he emerged from the official den was heard to mutter with a grim chuckle, "I'll go shooting too, on the twentieth, Mr. Blake; let's see which of us will have the best sport."

Mr. James Burke Bodkin Joyce Blake, the innocent cause of all this legal machinery being put in motion, was engaged in entertaining a small but select party at Ballymaclooney—small, because he was desirous of "making a bag" that would be talked of all over the country, as he invariable packed hampers for a large circle of country friends, whose hospitality he was occasionally debarred from enjoying, owing to the contumaciousness of some low-minded creditor, whose minions pertinaciously defended the passes, like so many legal Spartans, but with whom he was desirous of being *en rapport*, and to whom he was anxious to demonstrate that the game upon "the ould acres," was still at his mercy, and furthermore that there existed no necessity for turning it to account by disposing of it either for the nourishment of his retainers or to the agent of some enterprising city poulterer. The party consisted of Major O'Houlahan, formerly of the Connaught Rangers, a warrior who had shot snipe within range of the guns at San Sebastian, who was still as keen a sportsman as ever shouldered a Manton or a Rigby, and who persisted in clinging to the old-fashioned muzzle-loader with that fondness with which gentlemen of the olden school hang on to the perfections of their by-gone time; Mr. Ajax Burke, a neighbor, very much in the same state of pecuniary embarrassment as his host, and who deemed it prudent to arrive at Ballymaclooney at an hour at which the most vigilant myrmidon of the law would, in all human probability, be engaged in wooing the drowsy god instead of in the capture of the person of a recalcitrant and wary debtor; and a young gentleman who had just joined the Fusileers, and whose sole occupation in life seemed to be in the operation of vigorously cleansing an eyeglass, and of subsequently sticking it with considerable dexterity into the corner of one eye, and then by way of variety into the other.

It was the night of the 19th of August. Mr. Blake and the ensign had been on the mountains during the day trying the dogs, and were now engaged, in company with the gallant major and Mr. Ajax Burke, in testing the soothing effects of poteen punch. The dogs lay stretched in picturesque attitudes about the room, ever and anon indulging in short spasmodic yelps or jerky groans; while game-bags, leggings, and gun-cases of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and descriptions strewed the polished oaken floor. Upon a huge sideboard stood the remains of a sirloin of beef; beside it a well-hacked ham, surrounded by the skeletons of once well-to-do capons; and, crowning all, an enormous wooden bowl full of potatoes, struggling manfully to emancipate themselves from their tattered jackets. The evening was passed in gay and boisterous carousing, Mr. Blake alone retiring early, as he wished to be up and out at break of day.

The mists were clearing off the mountains and the gray dawn was breaking as Mr. Blake emerged from Ballymaclooney. Beneath his left arm reposed his faithful gun, in front of him joyously gamboled a dog that never yet was known to miss a point, and behind him a boy carrying a huge bag wherein to convey the spoils of the chase.

Half an hour's walking placed the party upon the happy hunting-grounds so judiciously selected on the previous evening, and away went the dog, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour within a radius of as many yards. The dog pauses, stops, lifts his head in the air, stiffens his tail, and becomes as rigid as though he were transformed into bronze. Mr. Blake walks up to him and whispers to him, "Go on."

The dog, as if on wires, moves a little forward.

Frisch! Up go the birds.

Bang! bang!

"Mark!" cries Mr. Blake to the boy; and proceeds to reload as coolly as though he had been discharging the barrels for the purpose of cleaning them.

"Two an' a half brace—illigant birds. Begorra, ye done that well!" said the boy, exultingly.

"Did you mark the birds, Paudheen?"

"Yes, Sir; they lighted in the clamp beyant the bridge."

"We'll take them coming back, Paudheen."

Away went the dog across the heath—now to the right, now to the left, now behind, now in front—Blake and the boy following. They had reached a point where it became necessary to cross a boreen, *alias* a small bridle-path, when two men were perceived approaching from the direction of the main road.

"Poachers," thought Blake; "and yet they have nothing to poach with. Travelers? Ah, I have it!—reapers on their way to Dublin by Galway for the English harvest."

The boy, as soon as he caught a glimpse of them, placed his fingers to his mouth and blew a long, loud, and peculiar whistle.

"Masther Jim"—for by this appellation Mr. Blake was known and invariably addressed by his retainers—"thim's sthrangers comin' up the boreen."

"How do you know, Paudheen?"

"They didn't give me the return whistle, Sir."

"They're reapers on their way to Galway, Paudheen."

"Mebbe so, yer honor. I'll soon know that."

The boy bounded across the hill-side, and confronting the new-comers, addressed them in Irish. The men looked puzzled, and one of them asked the lad if he spoke English.

"I have a little English," said the boy.

"We've lost our way, and want a guide."

"Where are yez goin' to?"

"This is the place. We don't know how to say the word," said the elder—a crafty-looking gray-headed little man—producing a railway guide from his pocket.

"I can't read," said the boy, rather disdainfully.

"I thought as much," muttered the little gray-headed man.

"Maybe that gentleman would over there?"

"Av coorse he can tell yez av he has a mind to do it," replied the boy, proudly.

"What's that, Paudheen?" demanded Blake, still in the distance, but whose curiosity was somewhat aroused.

"Two travelers that's lost their way, Sir," cried the little gray-headed man, advancing toward Mr. Blake. "Maybe you would tell us, as we're fairly bothered by this railway guide."

There was an air of such plausibility about the tone of the speaker that Blake was duly impressed by it; and with that obliging spirit which lent itself to any thing—from backing bills to placing any or all of his worldly possessions at the disposal of his friends—he handed his gun to the boy, desiring him to follow the dog till he joined him, while he proceeded to endeavor to explore the labyrinths of the railway ready reckoner.

"Your name is James Burke Bodkin Joyce Blake. Consider yourself the Queen's prisoner," said the little elderly man, placing his hand upon Blake's shoulder.

"O holy fiddle!" blurted James Burke Bodkin Joyce Blake.

The bailiff, in a few brief but pointed words, explained his mission, and hoped that any thing that had occurred, and any thing that was likely to occur, would be only viewed in the light of business.

Blake saw that he was entrapped—that resistance was useless. For a second he thought of the gun and of defense *à l'outrance*, of a rush in the direction of Ballymaclooney, of a rescue; but overcome by the sudden and utterly unexpected *coup de main*, he mentally and physically yielded to the situation, and quietly resigned himself to his fate.

"We are sorry for it, Mr. Blake, but we're only doing our duty, and we hope you'll not be contrairy with us."

Blake said nothing. In the full flush of his newly fledged misery words were denied him. His heart, which but a few moments before had bounded so lightly beneath his Irish frieze waistcoat, now seemed to lie flabbily underneath the soles of his hob-nailed boots. He who had so long held the myrmidons of the law at bay; he who had but to remain within the four walls of Ballymaclooney and defy the whole aggressive engines of the law; he whose boast it was that while Burkes and Bodkins and Joyces fell by the score, he, like unto Horatius of old, held good the bridge—and now to fall so clumsily and yet so heavily was simply crushing, overwhelming.

"We'd better take across the mountain, Mister Gogarty," observed the younger bailiff, in a low tone. "The less we meet in these parts the better."

Adopting this prudent suggestion of his confrère, the party struck across the heath in the direction of the sea.

They had not proceeded more than a couple of miles when the refrain of a song, chanted in a rich male voice, was borne toward them on the morning breeze; and presently, from the direction of the sound, the form of a man engaged in digging potatoes, and who was endeavoring to lighten his labor by the judicious introduction of melody, disclosed itself.

"Are you sure of your road, Mr. Gogarty?" asked the younger bailiff.

"I am not. We must make for Leenan, to ketch the car."

"The constabulary sergeant told me that the bridge was knocked into smithereens below Ballycolligawn. It would be better to ask for the best ford."

At this moment the man in the potato ridges perceived them, and raising one hand to his eyes, so as to screen them from the glare of the now blazing sun, gazed earnestly and intently for a few seconds; then extricating the spade from the embrace of mother earth, and flinging it across his shoulder—the blade glittering in the sunlight like polished silver—approached them with rapid and vigorous strides.

"Tell us the easiest way to cross to the high-road to Leenan," said the younger bailiff, addressing himself to the approaching figure.

"O mother o' Moses! is this you I see in it, Masther Jim?" exclaimed the man.

Blake made no response.

"Had ye good divarshin, Sir! I heerd some shots, an' the birds is plinty." Then drawing closer, he almost whispered, in Irish, "Ye're in thrubble, Sir?"

Blake nodded.

"Bit at last, Masther Jim?"

Another nod.

"Shall I—?"

"Do what?"

"Say the word, an' I'll level the pair o' them wud this," giving the spade an ominous and threatening jerk as he spoke.

For a moment Blake felt almost inclined to accept the rescue, but prudence held him back.

"No, Paddy; not that way."

"Lave it to me, Masther Jim."

"No violence."

"Shure ye're not goin' free an' aisey, Masther Jim?"

"I can't help it, Mulligan."

"Blur an' ages! ye'll make a fight for it?"

Blake shook his head negatively.

"Wirra, wirra! But the ould masther would have downed two spalpeens like thim wud a clout av his fist. Say the word, for the luv av Heaven, Masther Jim, an' I'll make thim sup sorrow, the varmints," exclaimed Mulligan, entreatingly, and clutching his spade in a vise-like grip.

"Please to stir yourself, Mr. Blake," cried the elder bailiff, uneasily. "We've a long way to go."

"Won't ye let me murther thim, Masther Jim?" asked Mulligan, still in Irish.

"I'll have no violence, under any pretext whatever."

"He's daft," muttered the peasant. "He's mad, divil a doubt of it; but mad or no mad, he'll not go to the jug if Paddy Mulligan can stop him."

The party had resumed their march, Blake jealously guarded on either side by the bailiffs.

Paddy Mulligan stood for a few moments in an attitude of one who thinks profoundly; then flinging aside his spade, he followed the party, and sidling alongside of Blake, muttered with great earnestness:

"Masther Jim, for the love of Mary spake to me and thrate me as if I wor a dog. Do this, and somethin' will come of it."

Blake assented without exactly knowing why, feeling that any attempt at escape would be utterly and hopelessly fruitless.

"Yez want the best foord, Sir?" he asked of the bailiff, Gogarty.

"Yes, we want the best ford, my man," responded that individual, glancing suspiciously at the new-comer.

"I don't know much av the place meself, but I can ax here below in the valley. So the masther's in thrubble?" he added, in a confidential tone.

"Oh, he'll get out of it quick enough," said the bailiff; "he has friends."

"Divil a wan!"

"Not friends?"

"Divil a wan! He's not liked, an' I'll tell you why."

The bailiff dropped a little in the rear.

"He's a gripin' hard-hearted man. Sorra a boy in the land but is rack-rinted, an' bet up for the rint; an' if he hasn't it, out he goes, wud no bed but the bog, an' no roof but the sky."

"That's bad."

"Bad! begorra, he's worse nor a Turk. He's hated like ould Nick, an' it's lucky for him there's no hedges in these parts, or he'd find a bullet floppin' into his heart some fine evenin' from behind wan av thim."

"I always heard he was a decent man," observed the bailiff.

"That's the way! Dacent man! There's not a man, woman, or child that wud lift a finger for him betune this an' Galway av he wor goin' to the gallows."

"What was he saying to you, then, a while ago?" asked Gogarty, with a keen glance.

"Axin' me for to go to Westport an' give the word to his brother that he was in thrubble, for to come for to bail him."

This answer, so readily given, and seemingly so plausible, dispelled any doubts as to the sincerity of Paddy Mulligan's intentions, and Gogarty hastened to inform his fellow practitioner, who received the information approvingly.

The sun had burst out with unusual splendor, and the heat became almost unendurable. Blake divested himself of his coat and cravat, which he handed to Paddy, desiring him, in a brutal and surly tone, to carry them.

The bailiffs exchanged glances. They too removed their own coats, for the heat was broiling.

"It's desperate hot," observed Gogarty to his companion, "and these coats is desperate heavy."

"I'll carry them for the price av a pint as far as I'm goin'," said Mulligan, carelessly.

The legal gentlemen gladly availed themselves of the offer, and handed the articles in question to Paddy, who threw them across his shoulder with the utmost possible nonchalance.

The party proceeded for some distance in silence, each full of his own thoughts, and ostensibly not caring to give them utterance.

"Yez never cotched a man in these parts afore?" observed Mulligan to the elder bailiff.

"Not here, but we have in other places, my man. It's hard to do *me*; eh, Gogarty?"

"Not *to* be done," responded Gogarty; and turning to Paddy Mulligan, he graciously informed him that Mr. Smith was the keenest hand in the profession.

"Do you remember the time I worked the gent that lived on the canal, Gogarty?"

"Ha! ha! ha! indeed I do, Mr. Smith;" and, turning to Mulligan, Mr. Gogarty proceeded: "We were after a gent that lived on the canal—a soft-hearted man, but 'cute, devilish 'cute—and though we tried to serve him in every way, he managed to do us, till one night Mr. Smith here dressed up as a female, and pretended to fall into the canal, just at the time our man was smoking his pipe in the parlor window. Out he runs, pulls Smith out of the water, and Smith—ha! ha! ha!—arrests him on the spot. You never saw a chap so astonished."

"My father did a 'cuter thing than that," observed the elder bailiff, warming upon the topic.

"Begorra, that was knowin' enough, anyhow!" observed Paddy.

"My father was sent down to Castlebar to pick up a Captain Bodkin, that swore to make any process-server that came near him eat the process, and then that he'd roast him before a slow fire. My father knew his business, and his employers knew *him*, and they sent him down. He surveyed the premises—a lonely house out on a hill, with windows on every side of it. 'I'm done,' says he. 'I may go back with my finger in my mouth;' and he was turning away, when he spies a tree, and a thought struck him. He had a bit of rope in his pocket, and, just as the day was dawning, he climbed the tree, and he hung himself."

"He what?" asked Mulligan.

"Hung himself."

"Arrah baithershin!"

"It's a fact. He hung himself to the tree, but only by the arms, not by the neck, and gave one or two great screeches. My bold captain gets out of bed, looks out of the window, and sees my father hanging, but kicking lively. He runs out, and before you could say Jack Robinson my father let himself down and served him. Wasn't that clever?"

"Great practice!" cried Mr. Gogarty, enthusiastically. "That man ought to have been presented with a piece of plate by the profession."

"Phew! it's murdherin' hot!" observed Mulligan, wiping his forehead, from which the perspiration was flowing in rivulets. "I'm as dhry as a cuckoo! Begorra, there's a house; maybe I'd get a sup av wather;" and he started in the direction of a small, wretched-looking cabin standing in a hollow, in utter isolation.

"Come back with the coats!" cried Gogarty, about to follow in pursuit.

"Don't be alarmed; that man wouldn't steal the weight of a pin's head," exclaimed Blake, breaking the silence in defense of his follower. "He'll be back in a moment, I'll answer for him."

Paddy Mulligan remained longer in the sheeling than was absolutely necessary for the slaking of the thirst of any ordinary human being, and the bailiffs were beginning to feel uneasy with reference to their outer garments, when he reappeared, the articles in question hanging across his arm.

"Bad cess to it for wather! Ye'd think it was goold that I axed for," he muttered, as he rejoined them. "Stingy naygurs, I'm dhrier nor ever."

They resumed their journey, and, quitting the hill-side, entered a lonely valley, along which the road ran like a chalk line drawn by a gentleman under the influence of delirium tremens. On either side huge gaunt-looking crags towered above them, and no sound broke the stillness save the tramp, tramp of their own footsteps.

At the extreme end of the valley a small square building stood in bold relief.

"I know my road now," said the elder bailiff, with a joyous chuckle. "That's the revenue officer's quarters."

"Thrue for you, Sir," observed Paddy; "but don't go too near to him, nearer nor the roar av a bull, for he wouldn't ax betther divarshin nor to run yez."

"We've the law on our side," said Gogarty.

"So has he, Sir. He's a divil.—Ah, there she is at last!" he added, in a low tone, and a glow of triumph passed over his swarthy features.

Far in the distance a small patch of red was seen moving rapidly in the direction of the habitation. Paddy Mulligan's keen eye recognized in that almost invisible speck the petticoat of that peculiar hue only to be seen in the western highlands.

"In troth she didn't let the grass grow undher her feet. If she gives the message right these chaps 'll be laughin' at the wrong side av their dhirty mouths."

Half an hour's marching brought them in front of the bleak-looking mansion in which her Majesty's officer of excise was holding his temporary head-quarters. The neighboring districts had acquired a very distinguished notoriety on account of the quality and quantity of the "mountain-dew" manufactured therein, and it was deemed expedient by the authorities to honor the enterprising but speculative distillers with the special recognition of a benign and paternal government, in pursuance of which Mr. Fisher, the revenue officer, was requested to take up his abode in this isolated valley, with a view to being on the spot in the event of any attempt at exportation on a large or extensive scale being ventured upon.

The revenue officer hailed them as they were in the act of passing.

"Come along," urged Paddy Mulligan to the bailiffs. "He's up for mischief, and he'd shoot us like crows. Here, take yer coats. I wouldn't have them about me for fear he'd think I stole thim."

The bailiffs took possession of their respective garments, and were for hurrying onward, when the voice of Mr. Fisher bade them stand.

Paddy had sidled close to Blake, and while the officers were deliberating as to what course they should adopt, whispered almost into his ear:

"I sint him a message from the sheeling beyant that ye cotch two smugglers. Stick to this, and ye're out of their claws."

"Mr. Blake, will you be good enough to step this way?" said the revenue officer; and turning to the bailiffs, "Remain where you are. I am led to believe," continued Mr. Fisher, without permitting Blake to open his lips, "that you have been fortunate enough to detect these persons in the act of conveying samples of illicit distillation with a view to carrying on illicit traffic."

"What does he mean?" asked the elder bailiff.

"How do I know?" responded the younger.

"And I am further led to believe that they have the samples about their persons."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," interposed the elder bailiff; "but if you mean *us*, you're mistaken—we are sheriffs' officers in the employment of Mr. Binks, of Dublin, and have come down here to arrest Mr. Blake at his suit."

"A very plausible story truly, but if my information be correct, how do you account for the possession of the samples of illicit distillation?"

"Samples! we have no samples—we know nothing about samples."

"Be careful now; take care of what you are saying."

"We can't be more careful," said Gogarty, a little nervously.

"We have nothing to be careful about," added Smith, in a tone of irritation.

"You will permit my men to search your persons."

"Of course."

"Here, Johnson, search these men for samples of *poteen*."

A member of the revenue force appeared at the summons, and proceeded to pass his hands over the persons of the processers, but without making any discovery of the mountain-dew.

"Nothing here, Sir."

A glance of triumphant innocence illuminated the faces of the suspected culprits.

"Ye needn't have given yourselves the trouble," exclaimed Smith; "and if you make many mistakes like this, your promotion will be slow. Now, Mr. Blake," he added, "if *you* please. We must catch the car at Leenan."

The revenue officer seemed somewhat disconcerted, and looked significantly at Paddy Mulligan, who instantly pointed in the direction of the great-coats, which he had surrendered to Messrs. Smith and Gogarty.

"Try these great-coats," said Mr. Fisher, authoritatively.

The man obeyed.

"Here," said Smith, "turn the pockets inside out. Eh, what's this?"

From the inner pocket the neck of a black bottle protruded. The searcher seized it, drew the cork, placed the orifice to his nose, and cried, in stentorian tones,

"*Poteen*, be the mortial!"

Smith grew very white.

"I know nothing of this; I never saw it; somebody put it there. I never drank a drop of poteen in my life."

"Search the other man!" said Mr. Fisher, sternly.

Mr. Gogarty saved the official all trouble in the matter by producing a bottle similar in appearance and contents to the other.

"Can *you* account for the possession of this sample?"

"I can not, Sir. I never heard of such a thing. It was put there by somebody. It's not mine. I disown it. I know nothing about it. It's most extraordinary."

"It will be better for you both, my good fellows, to give information to the government. You have been taken red-handed. Who are your confederates? Where is the still? I shall hold you harmless, and perhaps be entitled to obtain a reward for you, if you make a clean breast of it."

"We have no confederates; we know nothing about it. It's a conspiracy, a plant!" cried the two bailiffs, in chorus.

"Then you will *not* make a clean breast of it?"

"We can't make a clean breast of what we know nothing."

"Then it becomes my duty to send you to jail."

"Send us to jail?" asked Smith, insolently.

"Yes."

"I'd like to see you do it, or all the gaugers in Connaught."

"So you shall."

"We are here on business, and we have a prisoner, and I call on you to help us to carry out the law."

"I call upon you, my fine fellow, to account for having in your possession more than this illicit liquor."

"I told you I can't."

"That will not satisfy me; and until I have proof positive of your innocence, I must treat you as though you were guilty."

"I'll go before the nearest magistrate, and make an affidavit."

"You can make as many as you like, but in the mean time consider yourselves prisoners."

"You'll repent this," said Smith, livid with rage.

"Perhaps so, but at present I must confine myself to the black letter of my duty."

"Slope, Sir, for the love av Heaven—now's yer time," said Paddy Mulligan, addressing himself in Irish to Blake, who stood an astonished spectator of the scene.

Blake saw the force of the observation, and resolved upon acting on it.

"These scoundrels," he exclaimed, "passed themselves off as process-servers, and I find they are nothing better than vagabond smugglers. What an ass to have been duped by such ruffians! I'm delighted you have captured them, Mr. Fisher, and I can bear testimony that you have only acted as becomes your duty."

"Thanks, Mr. Blake. I wish you good-morning and good sport."

"Good-morning, Mr. Fisher;" and James

Burke Bodkin Joyce Blake, accompanied by Paddy Mulligan, turned in the direction of Ballymaclooney.

"Are you going to deprive us of our rights, to help to rescue our prisoner?" gasped Smith.

"I don't care a d—— for your prisoner. I wouldn't believe either of you on your oath. Come, get into the house. I shall send you under escort to Westport."

"In troth, Sir," said Paddy to the exulting Blake as they proceeded toward the castle, "I was nigh bet up be the delay at Miles Byrnes's. He had to run thirty perch to the still for the sperrit, and I was afeared he'd be seen. 'Twas his little girl that gev me message to Mr. Fisher, and now glory be to God yer as safe as the Rock av Cashil!"

(Continued from No. 888, page 24.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right,"
"Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?"
"The Small House at Allington,"
"Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXIV.

CONFUSION IN THE COURT.

ON the following morning it was observed that before the judges took their seats Mr. Chaffanbrass entered the court with a manner much more brisk than was expected from him now that his own work was done. As a matter of course, he would be there to hear the charge, but, almost equally as a matter of course, he would be languid, silent, cross, and unenergetic. They who knew him were sure, when they saw his bearing on this morning, that he intended to do something more before the charge was given. The judges entered the court nearly half an hour later than usual, and it was observed with surprise that they were followed by the Duke of Omnium. Mr. Chaffanbrass was on his feet before the Chief Justice had taken his seat, but the judge was the first to speak. It was observed that he held a scrap of paper in his hand, and that the barrister held a similar scrap. Then every man in the court knew that some message had come suddenly by the wires. "I am informed, Mr. Chaffanbrass, that you wish to address the court before I begin my charge."

"Yes, my lud; and I am afraid, my lud, that I shall have to ask your ludship to delay your charge for some days, and to subject the jury to the very great inconvenience of prolonged incarceration for another week—either to do that or to call upon the jury to acquit the prisoner. I venture to assert, on my own peril, that no jury can convict the prisoner after hearing me read that which I hold in my hand." Then Mr. Chaffanbrass paused, as though expecting that the judge would speak; but the judge said not a word, but sat looking at the old barrister over his spectacles.

Every eye was turned upon Phineas Finn, who up to this moment had heard nothing of these new tidings—who did not in the least know on what was grounded the singularly confident—almost insolently confident—assertion which Mr. Chaffanbrass had made in his favor. On him the effect was altogether distressing. He had borne the trying week with singular fortitude, having stood there in the place of shame hour after hour, and day after day, expecting his doom. It had been to him as a lifetime of torture. He had become almost numb from the weariness of his position and the agonizing strain upon his mind. The jailer had offered him a seat from day to day, but he had always refused it, preferring to lean upon the rail and gaze upon the court. He had almost ceased to hope for any thing except the end of it. He had lost count of the days, and had begun to feel that the trial was an eternity of torture in itself. At nights he could not sleep, but during the Sunday, after mass, he had slept all day. Then it had begun again, and when the Tuesday came he hardly knew how long it had been since that vacant Sunday. And now he heard the advocate declare, without knowing on what ground the declaration was grounded, that the trial must be postponed, or that the jury must be instructed to acquit him.

"This telegram has reached us only this morning," continued Mr. Chaffanbrass. "'Mealyus had a house-door key made in Prague. We have the mould in our possession, and will bring the man who made the key to England.' Now, my lud, the case in the hands of the police, as against this man Mealyus, or Emilius, as he has chosen to call himself, broke down altogether on the presumption that he could not have let himself in and out of the house in which he had put himself to bed on the night of the murder. We now propose to prove that he had prepared himself with the means of doing so, and had done so after a fashion which is conclusive as to his having required the key for some guilty purpose. We assert that your ludship can not allow the case to go to the jury without taking cognizance of this telegram; and we go further, and say that those twelve men, as twelve human beings with hearts in their bosoms and ordinary intelligence at their command, can not ignore the message, even should your ludship insist upon their doing so with all the energy at your disposal."

Then there was a scene in court, and it appeared that no less than four messages had been received from Prague, all to the same effect. One had been addressed by Madame Goesler to her friend the Duchess—and that message had caused the Duke's appearance on the scene. He had brought his telegram direct to the Old Bailey, and the Chief Justice now held it in his hand. The lawyer's clerk who had accompanied Madame Goesler had telegraphed to the governor of the jail, to Mr. Wickerby, and to the Attorney-General. Sir Gregory, rising with the telegram in his hand, stated that he had received the same information. "I do not see," said he, "that it at all alters the evidence as against the prisoner."

"Let your evidence go to the jury, then," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, "with such observations as his lordship may choose to make on the telegram. I shall be contented. You have already got your other man in prison on a charge of bigamy."

"I could not take notice of the message in charging the jury, Mr. Chaffanbrass," said the judge. "It has come, as far as we know, from the energy of a warm friend—from that hearty friendship with which it seemed yesterday that this gentleman, the prisoner at the bar, has inspired so many men and women of high character. But it proves nothing. It is an assertion. And where should we all be, Mr. Chaffanbrass, if it should appear hereafter that the assertion is fictitious—prepared purposely to aid the escape of a criminal?"

"I defy you to ignore it, my lord."

"I can only suggest, Mr. Chaffanbrass," continued the judge, "that you should obtain the consent of the gentlemen on the other side to a postponement of my charge."

Then spoke out the foreman of the jury. Was it proposed that they should be locked up till somebody should come from Prague, and that then the trial should be recommenced? The system, said the foreman, under which Middlesex juries were chosen for service in the City was known to be most horribly cruel—but cruelty to jurymen such as this had never even been heard of. Then a most irregular word was spoken. One of the jurymen declared that he was quite willing to believe the telegram. "Every one believes it," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. Then the Chief Justice scolded the juryman, and Sir Gregory Grogram scolded Mr. Chaffanbrass. It seemed as though all the rules of the court were to be set at defiance. "Will my learned friend say that he doesn't believe it?" asked Mr. Chaffanbrass. "I neither believe nor disbelieve it; but it can not affect the evidence," said Sir Gregory. "Then send the case to the jury," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. It seemed that every body was talking, and Mr. Wickerby, the attorney, tried to explain it all to the prisoner over the bar of the dock, not in the lowest possible voice. The Chief Justice became angry, and the guardian of the silence of the court bestirred himself energetically. "My lud," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, "I maintain that it is proper that the prisoner should be informed of the purport of these telegrams. Mercy demands it, and justice as well." Phineas Finn, however, did not understand, as he had known nothing about the latch-key of the house in Northumberland Street.

Something, however, must be done. The Chief Justice was of opinion that, although the preparation of a latch-key in Prague could not really affect the evidence against the prisoner—although the facts against the prisoner would not be altered, let the manufacture of that special key be ever so clearly proved—nevertheless the jury were entitled to have before them the facts now tendered in evidence before they could be called upon to give a verdict, and that therefore they should submit themselves, in the service of their country, to the very serious additional inconvenience which they would be called upon to endure. Sundry of the jury altogether disagreed with this, and became loud in their anger. They had already been locked up for a week. "And we are quite prepared to give a verdict," said one. The judge again scolded him very severely; and as the Attorney-General did at last assent, and as the unfortunate jurymen had no power in the matter, so it was at last arranged. The trial should be postponed till time should be given for Madame Goesler and the blacksmith to reach London from Prague.

If the matter was interesting to the public before, it became doubly interesting now. It was of course known to every body that Madame Goesler had undertaken a journey to Bohemia—and, as many supposed, a roving tour through all the wilder parts of unknown Europe—Poland, Hungary, and the Principalities, for instance—with the object of looking for evidence to save the life of Phineas Finn; and grandly romantic tales were told of her wit, her wealth, and her beauty. The story was published of the Duke of Omnium's will, only not exactly the true story. The late Duke had left her every thing at his disposal, and it was hinted that they had been privately married just before the Duke's death. Of course Madame Goesler became very popular, and the blacksmith from Prague who had made the key was expected with an enthusiasm which almost led to preparation for a public reception.

And yet, let the blacksmith from Prague be ever so minute in his evidence as to the key, let it be made as clear as running water that Mealyus had caused to be constructed for him in Prague a key that would open the door of the house in Northumberland Street, the facts as proved at the trial would not be at all changed. The lawyers were much at variance with their opinions on the matter, some thinking that the judge had been altogether wrong in delaying his charge. According to them, he should not have allowed Mr. Chaffanbrass to read the telegram in court. The charge should have been given, and the sentence of the court should have been pronounced if a verdict of guilty were given. The Home Secretary should then have granted a respite till the coming of the blacksmith, and have extended this respite to a pardon, if advised that the circumstances of the latch-key rendered doubtful the propriety of the verdict. Others, however, maintained that in this way a grievous penalty would be inflicted on a man who, by general consent, was now held to be innocent. Not only would he, by such an arrangement of circumstances, have been left for some prolonged period under the agony of a condemnation, but, by the necessity of the case, he would lose his seat for Tankerville. It would be imperative upon the House to declare vacant by its own action a seat held by a man condemned to death for murder, and no pardon from the Queen or from the Home Secretary would absolve the House from that duty. The House, as a House of Parliament, could only recognize the verdict of the jury as to the man's guilt. The Queen, of course, might pardon whom she pleased, but no pardon from the Queen would remove the guilt implied by the sentence. Many went much further than this, and were prepared to prove that, were he once condemned, he could not afterward sit in the House even if re-elected.

Now there was unquestionably an intense desire—since the arrival of these telegrams—that Phineas Finn should retain his seat. It may be a question whether he would not have been the most popular man in the House could he have sat there on the day after the telegrams arrived. The Attorney-General had declared—and many others had declared with him—that this information about the latch-key did not in the least affect the evidence as given against Mr. Finn. Could it have been possible to convict the other man, merely because he had surreptitiously caused a door-key of the house in which he lived to be made for him? And how would this new information have been received had Lord Fawn sworn unreservedly that the man he had seen running out of the mews had been Phineas Finn? It was acknowledged that the latch-key could not be accepted as sufficient evidence against Mealyus. But nevertheless the information conveyed by the telegrams altogether changed the opinion of the public as to the guilt or innocence of Phineas Finn. His life now might have been insured, as against the gallows, at a very low rate. It was felt that no jury could convict him, and he was much more pitied in being subjected to a prolonged incarceration than even those twelve unfortunate men who had felt sure that the Wednesday would have been the last day of their unmerited martyrdom.

Phineas in his prison was materially circumstanced precisely as he had been before the trial. He was supplied with a profusion of luxuries, could they have comforted him, and was allowed to receive visitors. But he would see no one but his sisters—except that he had one interview with Mr. Low. Even Mr. Low found it very difficult to make him comprehend the exact condition of the affair, and could not induce him to be comforted when he did understand it. What had he to do—how could his innocence or his guilt be concerned—with the manufacture of a paltry key by such a one as Mealyus? How would it have been with him and with his name forever if this fact had not been discovered? "I was to be hung or saved from hanging according to the chances of such a thing as this! I do not care for my life in a country where such injustice can be done." His friend endeavored to assure him that, even had nothing been heard of the key, the jury would have acquitted him. But Phineas would not believe him. It had seemed to him as he had listened to the whole proceeding that the court had been against him. The Attorney and Solicitor General had appeared to him resolved upon hanging him—men who had been, at any rate, his intimate acquaintances, with whom he had sat on the same bench, who ought to have known him. And the judge had taken the part of Lord Fawn, who had seemed to Phineas to be bent on swearing away his life. He had borne himself very gallantly during that week, having, in all his intercourse with his attorney, spoken without a quaver in his voice, and without a flaw in the perspicuity of his intelligence. But now, when Mr. Low came to him, explaining to him that it was impossible that a verdict should be found against him, he was quite broken down. "There is nothing left of me," he said at the end of the interview. "I feel that I had better take to my bed and die. Even when I think of all that friends have done for me, it fails to cheer me. In this matter I should not have had to depend on friends. Had not she gone for me to that place, every one would have believed me to be a murderer."

And yet in his solitude he thought very much of the marvelous love shown to him by his friends. Words had been spoken which had been very sweet to him in all his misery—words such as neither men nor women can say to each other in the ordinary intercourse of life, much as they may wish that their purport should be understood. Lord Chiltern, Lord Cantrip, and Mr. Monk had alluded to him as a man specially singled out by them for their friendship. Lady Cantrip, than whom no woman in London was more discreet, had been equally enthusiastic. Then how gracious, how tender, how inexpressibly sweet had been the words of her who had been Violet Effingham? And now the news had reached him of Madame Goesler's journey to the Continent. "It was a wonderful thing for her to do," Mr. Low had said. Yes, indeed! Remembering all that had passed between them, he acknowledged to himself that it was very wonderful. Were it not that his back was now broken, that he was prostrate and must remain so, a man utterly crushed by what he had endured, it might have been possible that she should do more for him than ever she had yet done.

CHAPTER LXV.

"I HATE HER!"

LADY LAURA KENNEDY had been allowed to take no active part in the manifestations of friendship which at this time were made on behalf of Phineas Finn. She had, indeed, gone to him in his prison, and made daily efforts to administer to his comfort; but she could not go up in the court and speak for him. And now this other woman, whom she hated, would have the glory of his deliverance! She already began to see a fate before her which would make even her past misery as nothing to that which was to come. She was a widow—not yet two months a widow; and though she did not and could not mourn the death of a husband as do other widows—though she could not sorrow in her heart for a man whom she had never loved, and from whom she had been separated during half her married life—yet the fact of her widowhood and the circumstances of her weeds were heavy on her. That she loved the man with a passionate devotion of which the other woman could know nothing she was quite sure. Love him! Had she not been true to him and to his interests from the very first day in which he had come among them in London with almost more than a woman's truth? She knew and recalled to her memory over and over again her own one great sin—the fault of her life. When she was, as regarded her own means, a poor woman, she had refused to be this poor man's wife, and had given her hand to a rich suitor. But she had done this with a conviction that she could so best serve the interests of the man in regard to whom she had promised herself that her feeling should henceforth be one of simple and purest friendship. She had made a great effort to carry out that intention, but the effort had been futile. She had striven to do her duty to a husband whom she disliked—but even in that she had failed. At one time she had been persistent in her intercourse with Phineas Finn, and at another had resolved that she would not see him. She had been madly angry with him when he came to her with the story of his love for another woman, and had madly shown her anger; but yet she had striven to get for him the wife he wanted, though in doing so she would have abandoned one of the dearest purposes of her life. She had moved heaven and earth for him—her heaven and earth—when there was danger that he would lose his seat in Parliament. She had encountered the jealousy of her husband with scorn—and had then deserted him because he was jealous. And all this she did with a consciousness of her own virtue which was almost as sublime as it was ill-founded. She had been wrong. She confessed so much to herself with bitter tears. She had marred the happiness of three persons by the mistake she had made in early life. But it had not yet occurred to her that she had sinned. To her thinking the jealousy of her husband had been preposterous and abominable, because she had known—and had therefore felt that he should have known—that she would never disgrace him by that which the world called falsehood in a wife. She had married him without loving him, but it seemed to her that he was in fault for that. They had become wretched, but she had never pitied his wretchedness. She had left him, and thought herself to be ill-used because he had ventured to reclaim his wife. Through it all she had been true in her regard to the one man she had ever loved, and—though she admitted her own folly and knew her own shipwreck—yet she had always drawn some woman's consolation from the conviction of her own constancy. He had vanished from her sight for a while with a young wife—never from her mind—and then he had returned a widower. Through silence, absence, and distance she had been true to him. On his return to his old ways she had at once welcomed him and strove to aid him. Every thing that was hers should be his—if only he would open his hands to take it. And she would tell it him all—let him know every corner of her heart. She was a married woman, and could not be his wife. She was a woman of virtue, and would not be his mistress. But she would be to him a friend so tender that no wife, no mistress, should ever have been fonder! She did tell him every thing as they stood together on the ramparts of the old Saxon castle. Then he had kissed her, and pressed her to his heart—not because he loved her, but because he was generous. She had partly understood it all—but yet had not understood it thoroughly. He did not assure her of his love—but then she was a wife, and would have admitted no love that was sinful. When she returned to Dresden that night she stood gazing at herself in the glass, and told herself that there was nothing there to attract the love of such a man as Phineas Finn—of one who was himself glorious with manly beauty; but yet for her sadness there was some cure, some possibility of consolation, in the fact that she was a wife. Why speak of love at all when marriage was so far out of the question? But now she was a widow and as free as he was—a widow endowed with ample wealth; and she was the woman to whom he had sworn his love when they had stood together, both young, by the falls of the Linter! How often might they stand there again if only his constancy would equal hers?

She had seen him once since Fate had made her a widow; but then she had been but a few days a widow, and his life had at that moment been in strange jeopardy. There had certainly been no time then for other love than that which the circumstances and the sorrow of the lover demanded from their mutual friendship. From that day, from the first moment in which she had heard of his arrest, every thought, every effort of her mind had been devoted to his affairs. So great was his peril, and so strange, that it almost wiped out from her mind the remembrance of her own condition. Should they hang him, undoubtedly she would die. Such a termination to all her aspirations for him whom she had selected as her god upon earth would utterly crush her. She had borne much, but she could never bear that.